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Ex libris
James Crossley F.S.A.
Manchester
very curious Scarce

This Book belongs to

GEORGE MULLIN,

DUBLIN.

If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

Read slowly—pause frequently—think seriously—return duly—with the corner of the leaves not turned down.

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THE

LIEE and MEMOIRS

OF

Mr. Ep[illegible] TRISTRAM BATES,

COMMONLY CALLED

CORPORAL BATES,

A broken-hearted SOLDIER:

WHO

From a private Centinel in the Guards, was, from his Merits, advanced, *regularly*, to be Corporal, Serjeant, and Pay-maſter Serjeant; and had he lived a few Days longer, might have died a Commiſſion-Officer, to the great *Loſs* of his lamentable Lady, whoſe Marriage he had intended to declare as ſoon as his Commiſſion was ſigned; and who, to make up for the Loſs of ſo dear an Huſband, and her Penſion, which then no Duke on Earth could have hindered, in order to put Bread into the Mouths of ſeven ſmall Children, the youngeſt now at her Breaſt, the ſweet Creatures being two Twins, publiſhes theſe Memoirs from the original Papers, ſealed up with the Seal of dear Mr. BATES, and found, exactly as he mentioned in his laſt Will and Teſtament, in an Oven, never uſed, where, in his Life-time, he ſecreted many State Papers, *&c. &c. &c.*

Sublatum ex oculis quærimus. HOR.

LONDON:
Printed by J. WARCUS, at the *Bible*, the Corner of *Rackett-Court, Fleet-Street.* 1759.

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TO THE

READER.

BY the expreſs Words of Mr. Bates's *Will and Power, as you will ſee below, though I think it rather unkind in him, the only Time he ever was ſo, not to let me ſhew my Pen, and add to his Memory, I am forbid joining the leaſt Tittle to theſe Memoirs, and ſeveral entertaining Hiſtories; only in the Title Page, which he had, ſome how or other unwarily, omitted, I have endeavoured to ſay ſomething to my preſent Purpoſe, and hope it will not diſturb the Aſhes of dear Mr.* Bates; *whereby I alſo am to thank a* Scotch *Phyſician, whoſe Name I would mention, but that, he ſays, he deſires not to be thought in Town, lodging in the ſame Stair-caſe, and on the ſame Land-*

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ing-place with me, for his fine Latin *Poſie, which I had in vain begged of every learned and valiant Commander in the Regiment, whereof* EPHRAIM TRISTRAM BATES, *well known there, was a Pay-maſter Serjeant.*

EDITH BATES.

" Alſo.—My Will and Meaning is,
" that after the uſual military Honours
" are paid to me at the *Savoy*, which
" I inſiſt on as my undoubted Right,
" equal to the Rank I bore in my Life-
" time, and where I deſire to be bu-
" ried as near the late Serjeant *Bar-*
" *rell* as poſſible, and the ſeveral little
" Tokens of my Love are diſtributed
" to my few worthy and bold Friends
" and Comrades, that the Oven be-
" hind our Neceſſary-houſe, which
" ſeems to have been walled up, be
" opened, the Bricks being not ſet in
" Mortar, only painted ſo by me,
" where, in the Preſence of my Exe-
" cutors,

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" cutors, Serjeant *Pike* and Corporal
" *Fuze*, my Papers be taken out, and
" printed, without any Addition, but
" from my Death to my Burial, and
" without Preface or Dedication to any
" Duke whatever, like the reſt of Au-
" thors, for the Benefit of my Family
" and Mankind.

EPHRAIM TRISTRAM BATES."

See the Will in Doctor's Commons, *the Clerk being my Countryman and Kinſman.*

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CHAP. I.

EPHRAIM TRISTRAM BATES was born *May* 1ſt, in the memorable Year 1720, and ſome Glooms which were often obſerved in him, and which, at laſt, ſhortened the Courſe he might otherwiſe have run, and the military Glory he might have obtained in a Proceſs of Time, were ſaid, by his Mother, to be owing to the many Shocks the Fortunes of her Family met with the very Year ſhe bore him: She was the Daughter of a Gentleman, but not being an only one, the Diviſion, her Brother being living, was ſlender; this occaſioned frequent Words between her Huſband and her: He had Riches, tho'

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of a low Family. Her Blood was high, and she valued herself thereon. But, to the Point. *Bates*, the Subject of these Memoirs, was born at his full Time, and being the first and only Son, who ever was likely to live, great Rejoicings were made at his Birth. The first Time that ever *Shaftesbury*, for it will be no Disgrace to that Place, now, to own him, saw a Rocket, was then. His Godfathers, by whom he gained the two very particular Names he bore, were wealthy Farmers, and malted: Like most Persons on that Day they promised what they never intended to perform; for, besides engaging properly to instruct, or see him instructed, they never ask'd him a single Question in all their Lives for his Good; they also promised, and swore to it, for they only vow'd to the first, as they both had separate Interests with the Great, that whatever Way of Life he pursued they would provide for him. Thus ended the Ceremony. Dr. *Cassock*, for that was the Vicar's Name, mounted, as well

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well as his fair Round-belly and the Beer he had tunn'd up would permit him, his dock'd-tail Chaiſe-horſe with Oil-ſkin Houſings, and a ſmall Bag of Malt before him, which, hanging equally on each Side, had a diſtant Appearance of Holſters, for that was his Equipage on Worky-days; and the Sponſors, who liv'd nearer, retired to ring the Bells, which they had firſt brought to a Syſtem, and were much talk'd of for it; ſo that on their Tombs ſome little mention is made in Rhime, as I have heard, of their Skill in ringing Changes. That to the Memory of Godfather *Ephraim* was ſent to me, and Part of it was this: The Author unknown, in Imitation of their Betters.

He, for the Pariſh-good, himſelf confin'd,
And ſerv'd each Office with a willing Mind.
'Till he aroſe! Each Bell could only toll,
In Solemn ſound, for ſome departed Soul;

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But, by his Art thoſe Bells were made to ring,
In chearful Notes, the Praiſe of any *King.*

Such as it is I give it to you. The Man meant well who penn'd it, but had not the Fire of ſome Folks; tho' I wander. The Houſe being clear of the Doctor and the grave Sponſors, ſome young Ladies, now, drew up the Curtain of their Play. Come, blooming Girls and Maidens fair, ſays Miſs *Betſey*, for many were preſent, *Square-toes* the Right Reverend is reel'd off, and the old Buck and Doe below Stairs are half aſleep under the Roſe, but not the Doctor's. I don't believe, really, the few Words he gabbled over the dear Boy, and the hard Pump-water he ſpatter'd upon his pretty, loving, and lovely Eyes, then kiſs'd them, with his gouty Chalk-ſtone Fingers will ever be lucky, for all he calls himſelf a Man of the Lord; follow me, and I'll turn Prieſteſs myſelf, and ſee who is moſt Fortunate. Away they went, the Houſe was large, and

and at the End of a very long Gallery they found a ſnug Room, when *Betſey* ſhut the Door. Come, ſays ſhe, Ladies! This Room was once a Chapel, and we'll Conſecrate it again, tho' now a Cheeſe-chamber. My Lord Biſhop, who is the Landlord, has no Objection, becauſe theſe bring him in his Rent, which dry Prayers would not: Beſides, it was a Chapel for *Papiſhes*, and therefore could never have been a Holy Place. Come, you have often ſtood up for Men at a Wake, rather than baulk a Dance, when ſuch Commodities were ſcarce, which, heigh ho! is too much the Caſe now with us, hang the Wars, what ſay you, Hah? The Jeſt took, the Circle was immediately form'd, and, off Hand, ſhe made an Oration, by Way of Parady to the Doctor's Prayer, that would not have diſgrac'd even a Barriſter from the North for Eloquence, Perſuaſion, and Harmony; and when it was Neceſſary to ſprinkle the Babe of Grace, ſtill to imitate the whole Ceremony, ſhe produced a China Baſon of

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her own Water, which the first Peer of this Kingdom would then, and now, have been glad to be sprinkled with; she touch'd him gently, in Opposition to the hard-fisted Doctor, and said, "be Wise, be Happy, be Brave, and be as Tender to our Sex, when a Man, as now I am to you; be as silent of Favours you may receive from us hereafter as you now are, though not so insensible and unfeeling of them; never be cruel to her who shall then be kind to you, and you will meet with Kindness enough."

The Ceremony over, they all came down, and *Betsey*, with great Command, kept her Countenance, though by some Winks and Gestures of the other young Ladies, the old Folks were render'd something Inquisitive; and a few Days after the Secret came out, which much vex'd Madam *Bates*, who was not only a great Puritan, but of a Nature leaning to Omens. Night coming on, *Betsey*, and, with a Smile, peculiar to her, and inherited by no one else,

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elſe, ſaid, bluſhing, " Remember what you have promis'd when you come to Age, my dear Boy," then kiſs'd him and departed. It was now Madam *Bates* was on Thorns, by this particular Injunction of *Betſey*'s, to know what it meant, when *Molly*, her School-fellow, her Boſom-friend and Companion, ſuch is the World even in Youth, betray'd her, and told the Whole: Enraged, Dr. *Caſſock* was ſent for next Day to undo *Betſey*'s Charm, which he vainly and fooliſhly thought he could have done; and, being in a moſt particular Manner enjoined Secreſy, he took Care to wait on the Archdeacon next Day; he, in the Abſence of the Biſhop and Dean, being the Commanding-Officer, and having but lately come into Power, was fond to ſhew it and gain Strength with his Superior, which Treachery is too often apt to do; away it flew to *London*, and the Great-Council of the Nation, having little elſe to do, talk'd a whole Evening about it, as it was whiſper'd afterwards; and woe to *Betſey* had

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had she been a Man: But, as it was, she quitted the Country, being pester'd with the hard Names of being an *Athist*, if not a *Papish*.

I shall conclude this Chapter with informing my benevolent Reader, that *Betsey*, after some Years of the highest conjugal Affection with a late noble Lord, is now a truly afflicted Widow; not such a one, as I have read in Mr. *Pope*, who,

Grieves an Hour perhaps, yet mourns a Year,
And bears about the Mockery of Woe
To Midnight Tapers, and the Public Shew.

Her Gaiety, not her Good-nature, is subsided. And should you be ignorant of the Way to her House, 20 Miles from it her Courtesy, Charity, and Beneficence, have been such, that scarce a Cottager would be prevailed upon not to quit his Rest or his Profit to Conduct you to her on Foot. Arrive at her House,

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Houſe, and endeavour to find your Way to her Apartment without a Guide, you would ſometimes, by miſtaking the Room, find yourſelf in a Chymiſts or Apothecary's Shop; at other Times in a little Boarding-ſchool, ſo many poor Relation's Children are bred up by her, and be greatly puzzled whether it was not a Confectioner's, a Bookſeller's, a Muſic Shop, a Baker's, or a China Ware-houſe, according to the Places you paſt, ſo excellently furniſh'd is every Apartment in it's ſeveral Way. She has ſo little of her Sex in her as not to know ſhe is ſtill beautiful, but can ſee and admire it in others; and is ſuch a Stranger to Envy, Malice, and Jealouſy, that her Sex hate her for being Particular. She is Eyes to the Blind, Ears to the Deaf, Feet to the Lame, and dries up the Tears of the Fatherleſs and Widow. Such were Ladies of Quality once! And, why are they not ſo now? I will tell you why, or leave you to gueſs, in a ſucceeding Chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

BATES throve ſo well under his many fair Nurſes and nurſing Friends, that he went to School, and knew his Letters before ſome Boys find the right End of their Leſſon. He tore off the Horn of his little Book the firſt Day, in great Wrath, hinting that it looked like a Fraud not to let him ſee the very Letters fairly, and touch them: And this was a Preſage of his Skill in the Mathematics, where the whole Buſineſs is to unravel, and get at naked Truth. Inſtead of admiring the Pictures on the Cover, he was always buſy at the Inſide. As he advanced in Youth, Hiſtory, and Books of Heroes ſtruck him greatly, inſomuch that he told a Friend of his, as an inviolable Secret though, for he was a little aſham'd of his Ignorance

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rance even then, that ſeeing in the News-papers a new Edition of *Martial* was publiſhed, he wrote for it, with Money he had got by Prize-verſes, and was ſurprized on receiving it, not to find it a *Military* Book.

He early made a Model, from the Words of the Commentaries, of that famous Bridge *Cæſar* threw a-croſs the *Rhine*, and it was ſhewn to many Clergymen, who, becauſe it was a *Roman* Structure, and out of a Claſſical Book, pretended to know a great Deal of it. But he then diſcovered much Arrogance and Ignorance in thoſe Gentlemen, and never thoroughly could forgive their ungenerous Uſage of poor *Betſey*, which Story, as he grew up, often reach'd his Ears, and, as often affected him. But theſe Men of the Lord, or lordly Men, had got hold of *Bates*'s Mother, and occaſionally of Mr. *Bates*, the Father, perſuading her and him, though ſhe ruled, to breed *Ephraim* a Parſon, hinting to her that they feared he would have another turn not

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not so good for his Soul, because at School his Amusements were always Military; such as exercising Soldiers, raising Banks, and sinking Trenches, to imitate Things he had seen in Books of War. In short, says one, whose Name was *Sponge*, I fear his Head is turned to be a Soldier; prevent it early; I hear him talk often of Doubts, Ride-outs, Ravelins, Javelins, Half-moons, Whole-moons, Carps, Counter-carps, and the Lord knows what. A Soldier is a profest Whore-master; Whore-masters and Adulterers God will judge. Where will he be then? Will his ridiculous red Coat, and Spit dangling by his Side, or Footman's Shoulder-knot fluttering in the Wind, save his Soul? Or do you think, Madam *Bates*, (here, he made an aukward Bow, and lifted up the Lid of the Tankard with his Nose) if he goes to the Wars, that the Corn and Hay he goes a foraging for, as they call it, is not absolute Thieving in his Eye who sees all; or that the People he kills is not direct Murder. There

is

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is no Heaven for Soldiers. But I'll drink the King's Health though; and wish, when any Danger threatens at Home, that he would send for Foreigners to cut the Enemy's Throats, your *Swisses*, and *Poles*, and *Russes*, as they call them, and not us, that we *English*, for he hated the Union which he called a lousey Scheme, may be innocent. No: Breed him a Scholar; I'll get him two Exhibitions of 4*l.* a Year. I wish I could say more, but am to meet *Honest High-dry* the Malster, and *Left* the Shoemaker to blow a Pipe at the *Crooked Billet* on the Common. 'Tis a fresh Tap. Think of what I say. Yours.

Mrs. *Bates* thank'd him, and begged he would stay a Moment while she stepped out, which was to fetch a Glass of that *That-is*, a cant Word of hers, for a Dram of the best; she brought the Bottle, and the Doctor drawing the Cork with his Tusks, for they were not Teeth, thrust half the Neck of the Bottle up his left Nostril, for he often said he

he could not ſmell with his Right, and then, not having Patience to wait for a Glaſs, drank 'till he made the Iſland, as they call it, which is ſeeing the Liquor ſo far out as to diſcover the Top of the Convex; and ſo made his Exit.

Madam *Bates*, while ſhe was moſt pondering on what had paſt, received a Letter, which put it out of all Doubt that her Son was going that Way: The Letter was this.

Madam,

YOUR Son has very good Parts, but applies them very ſtrangely. People in the Neighbourhood complain of broken Windows done by him, which he calls ſtorming their Caſtles. When Chickens are loſt, and found on him, he ſays he only went a Maroding. His Books are all Military, and whatever he ſees in them he inſtantly puts in Practice. He cuts off their Springs of Water, ſo that their Pumps are all dry in the Pariſh; and when I puniſh'd him for it, tho' my Arm is now tir'd of doing it, he Cries,

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I read of the Duke of Marlborough's *doing ſo. But, theſe are Trifles. A Neighbour's Sow, near her Time, was decoy'd by him into his Chamber, and fed 'till ſhe farrow'd, and brought* 16 *Pigs: He invited his School-fellows to partake as long as they laſted, and now has turn'd the Sow home. He was puniſh'd for this; but he ſtood to it that it was no Crime to intercept an Enemy's Proviſion. The Owner, who had propoſed paying his Rent out of them, threatens Law. Pray ſend me Money to ſatisfy the Fellow; and as ſoon as convenient order your Son home. Who am,*

Your loving Friend,

EBENEZER BIRCH, *M. A.*

Fellow of *Queen's, Oxon,*

And Curate of ———,

P. S. *I now teach French, Dancing, Muſic, and Fencing, having learned a little of each when I was laſt in* London. *I have, alſo, advertis'd in the beſt* London

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don *Papers, which you will read (as, at your Public Houſe, I have too often ſeen the* London Evening) *and, for my Parts and Abilities, have fixt on ſome worthy and capable Friends there, — Couſin* Twiſt, *the Rope-Maker, in* Hemp Yard — *Mrs.* Cardinal, *the noted Milliner in* Marigold-Court, *by the* Strand — *Nephew* Hyde, *Currier — My good Friend* Slice, *the Eating-Houſe in* Gun-Powder Alley — *with many others.*

Mrs. *Bates* was greatly affected. Her old Friends the Clergy were much adviſed with. But the Concluſion is, He was to be ſent for Home, and go a Day-Scholar to the Vicar, by which Means he would be quite under their Eye. This was done. Heavy Taſks were ſet. Books of Divinity and Philoſophy propoſed: But all in Vain. *Triſtram*, for we ſhall ſometimes call him by one *Sponſor*'s Name, and ſometimes by another, now began to play off his Military Genius at home. One Holiday he was found

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found in the Hen-house making Crackers, Rockets, &c. for Privacy he got into an antiquated Coach of his Father's, and turn'd out the Turky who was sitting there, when the Candle, in his Absence, falling on his Combustibles, the Head of the Coach was blown off. The Father here was privately pleas'd, tho' Madam and he grumbled publickly, as he had long wanted an Occasion to lay down his Equipage. He was, when a House was to be pulled down, always advising to blow it up; and once in the Experiment injured several others. In short, as uneasy as it was to his Parents still he went on. The Money it cost in rectifying his Military Mistakes, was too great for the slender Purse of the old Folks. One single Month's Bill stood thus:

	l.	*s.*
To 36 Pound of Gun-powder	1	2
Paid a Carpenter for Moulds and Rocket-sticks	3	8
Satisfying the Owners of 8 Houses injured by blowing up a Stable	8	12

Paid

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	l.	*s.*
Paid a Rope-maker for Scaling-Ladders *to get Wall-fruit*	1	16
Paid a Wheelwright for what he calls Chevox de Freeze to keep the Pigs in	0	12

With many others, which the Reader from his own as well as *Bates*'s Genius muſt imagine.

A kind Friend now interpoſed, and adviſed them to uſe his Godfather's Intereſt with the Great, as they had promiſed at his Baptiſm, to get him a Commiſſion. In vain. They turned it off, as the World always do, to defend themſelves according to an old Song, ‖ by ſaying he was a very idle Boy; had he ſtuck cloſe to his Book they would have done any Thing, and got him a Vicaridge; but he might be hanged for ought they cared. Imagine Madam *Bates*'s Grief: But *Triſtram* ſmiled, thinking at laſt he ſhould get his End.

Home

‖ *And give you good Council, themſelves to defend.*
Beggar's Opera.

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Home now grew very unwelcome to him. *Betſey* was married, and gone from the Place long ſince. Nobody at Hand to open his Grief to! In this Interim a recruiting Serjeant came to Town. *Triſtram* was locked up to avoid him; and an Application made to the Juſtices to get *Cartridge* (for that was the Serjeant's Name) away, as faſt as poſſible. In vain. Young *Bates* got out, by Sheets tied together, from his Citadal, and went to the Serjeant's Quarters. What followed would make this Chapter too long; and, with a ſmall Addition, is enough for the next.

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CHAP. III.

NOT farewell! but, welcome! — *The Spirit-ſtirring Drum, Th' Ear-piercing Fife,* — for *Cartridge*, whoſe Quarters were the *Canon*; with the Motto of *Hit or miſs* --- *Luck's all*, had both with him; he ſallied forth twice a Day generally to harangue his Audience, and with ſo much Dexterity, that his Succeſs was wonderful: There had been half a Score Recruiting Parties before him, but in vain; for his Predeceſſors had never inliſted a ſingle Man, and *Cartridge* had got a Baker's Dozen already. And, no Wonder! when I aſked him once, how he came to excel all others I had ever ſeen? He ſaid, he had often been at Shew-places in Town and Country, and the Part of *Kite* gave him great Helps. — After the uſual Form and

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and Preample of all Gentlemen Volunteers, &c. he told them, in whatever County he then was, that his noble Colonel, and valiant Commander, was of that very identical County. Now he was a *Dorſetſhire* Man o'courſe, tho' born many Miles from where he ſtood, for fear of being gain-ſay'd. " My Co-
" lonel, ſays he, loves the Natives of
" *Dorſetſhire*, prove but your Birth
" there and your Fortune is made. I
" wiſh I had been born here! I ſhould
" not be a poor Halberdier Serjeant now,
" tearing my Lungs for your Good:
" No, I ſhould be a White-ſtocking
" Officer. His Father is now a ****
" of State in *London*, and he was born
" ſome where here-abouts: His Af-
" fection to the *Dorſetſhire* People is as
" ſtrong as his Son's. If you want
" any Favour of my Lord you may
" knock at his very Chamber Door,
" in *London*, every Body knows the
" Houſe, he is a Widower and ſo you
" won't interrupt any Buſineſs, and
" he'll get up and let you in himſelf,

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" if you only whiſper thro' the Key-
" hole, *Shafteſbury*, *Blandford*, *Dor-*
" *cheſter*, or the like; then, in you come:
" And, Oh! the Joy to ſit with ſo great
" a Man, without his Breeches, per-
" haps.—Your Buſineſs is ſoon done.
" —Next Morning, before Breakfaſt,
" or at Breakfaſt, if you go to a Cof-
" fee Houſe, you read in the News-
" papers, for the Price of Two-pence,
" and they take off your bad Halfpence,
" that you are a Cornet or Enſign, with
" the pleaſing Addition of, preferred
" entirely from his Merits and Skill in
" Engineering; which no Body will
" doubt, becauſe *only ſuch* are brought
" forward.——In ſhort, Gentlemen,
" to be a Native of *Dorſetſhire*, is a
" Fortune to any one."

Bates had too much Diſcernment to mind this, but inliſted merely to get at any Rate into the Army. Tho' but 16 Years of Age he was near five Feet 11 Inches. 'Tis, now, needleſs for his Parents to come yelling at the Door of the Gun — He looks out of a Window, beats

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beats the Drum, and fires a Piſtol in the Air, telling them, he will never ſee *Shafteſbury* again, 'till he can come with Dignity, and that it was high Time to have a Gentleman and a Soldier in the Family. Lawyers and Prieſts were now ſent for, and as no Miſchief is complete without them, poor *Triſtram* is diſinherited: — *Cartridge* was humane, and ſaid, if he would return the Money he would releaſe him. *Bates* ſaid No; and only aſked, that if he *(Cartridge)* was really a Favourite of the Colonel's or the Captain of that Company he recruited for, that ſome little Indulgence might be ſhewn to him at firſt; but, if not, he would bear it like a Soldier, and a Man: They ſhook Hands; and next Morning marched to the Head Quarters of the Regiment, then at *Blandford*.

We ſhall leave them there a-while to take Leave for ever of the old Folks at *Shafteſbury*, who were firm in their Reſolution, and had altered their Will accordingly. An Eſtate of full 80*l.* a

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Year went from him that Day. And now poor *Betſey* was pulled over the Coals again, and all was attributed to her: "'Tis a Judgment, ſays Madam "*Bates*, for profaning the Ceremony "as ſhe ſo *Athiſtically* did: — She, nor "he, will never thrive; the Devil owes "them both a Grudge. And I believe "*Betſey* is puniſhed ſufficiently; I hear "ſhe is married to a Lord, and that's "enough — a rotten one, I ſuppoſe. "Well! A fine Lady ſhe will make, "to be ſure. How religiouſly her Chil-"dren will be brought up!" Then, tho' but faintly, inviting Dr. *Sedentary*, the remaining Parſon, to dine, he cry'd, "I can't well tarry; — but, ſince you're "ſo preſſing ——" and he ſtaid 'till the Morning.

During this Interval all *Betſey*'s old School and Play-fellows came, and having no Chance of marrying a Lord themſelves, they painted Lords in general in ſuch Colours — When, as how, ſays one, who was now become the Spouſe of Mr. *Indigo* the Dyer, — "Aye! "my

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" my blue Fingers are honourable: I
" had rather look ſo than have ſuch
" white Chalky ones as my Lady *Eli-*
" *zabeth.* I ſuppoſe ſhe muſt be call-
" ed Queen *Elizabeth.*" — *Jenny*, ano-
ther Comrade, had married an honeſt
Breeches-maker; and whether the fre-
quent Sights of thoſe Objects had ren-
dered her indelicate I can't ſay, but ſhe
was not ſo ſoft in her Diſcourſe as one
ſhould have expected from a Play and
School-Fellow of *Betſey's*: — " Aye,
" aye! we work hard for our Money;
" ſee my Fingers' Ends here — ſtitch-
" ing their filthy *Thigh* Caſes: — But
" we drink as good Tea as my Lord and
" Lady. — I don't ſuppoſe my Lord can
" ſhew as much ready Money as we
" — few of them can. — I do ſuppoſe
" when they come down, which I hear
" will be ſoon, that my Lady, for-
" ſooth, will be for renewing old Ac-
" quaintance, to get Credit in our Way.
" But his *Moon* ſhall never be covered
" by me, or *Buck* (which, O ſtrange!
" was her Huſband's Name) 'till they

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" put down the Ready — and no *Brum-*
" *magums.*" 'Twere endleſs to tell my patient Reader what ſevere Reflexions were caſt on Nobility in general; ridiculing their Rank and ſenatorial Dignity: — " And wondering (ſhe was the Wife of Mr. Alderman *Juniper*, the Diſtiller) " how ſo many of them could " ſell their Eſtates and their Country to " buy the paltry Diſtinction of two " naſty Beaſts to ſupport a Coat of Arms, " made up of *** even their Anceſ-" tors had no Right to." — More would have happened, but Mrs. *Dye-tea*, the Druggiſt's Wife, another School-fellow, whiſpered the Company round, and ſo they made ready to depart. — The Whiſper was, that her Skin-flint Huſband being abroad, ſhe would *enjoy* herſelf — and give them ſome Arrack Punch made with Green-tea, ſharpened with Lime Juice, which her Cuckoldly Rogue, for thoſe were her Words, had bottled up for my Lords the Judges at the Aſſizes, being a Preſent from a Friend in the *Weſt-Indies*, ſweetened with

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with white Sugar Candy, and powdered with *Goa* Stone; all which, says she, is in our own Way, and *costs nothing*; and a-pox on your Nobility-folks says I. After as much Ceremony and Curtesying as the Ladies in the *Beggar's Opera* shew in a certain Scene, they all departed.

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CHAP. IV.

NOW 'roſe, *in ſilver Majeſty*, that fatal Enemy to ugly Whores and clumſy Pick-pockets, the *Moon*, and, as *Milton* further ſays, *with her Light, ſhadowy, ſets off the Face of Things. Bates*, after refreſhing himſelf at his Quarters, the *Valiant Trooper*, and paſſing his Officer's Review, ſlyly took a Firelock and a Comrade whom he had mark'd in the Tap-room for his Soldier-like Deportment, and ſaid to him, "I would fain ſurprize my noble Com-"mander To-morrow, if I in anywiſe "could, with my Knowledge of this "Inſtrument: Do, teach me, I'll pay "you for your Trouble, only keep it "a Secret." The Bowling-green was at Hand, and ſo ſurrounded with a Hedge-row that no one ſupected any People there at that Time; the Neceſſary-

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ſary-houſe, the only Chance of being diſturbed, being within Doors, and, oh! ſtrange to relate, near the Pantry. And ſo they began.

The old Soldier was amaz'd at his Memory and Cleverneſs: But, having heard the News from the Kitchen that he was a young Fellow of Family and Fortune, almoſt wept. *Bates* chear'd him, by ſaying, " My Skill in Mathe-" matics and Engineering is ſuch, I " ſhall be a Great Man, and, if I am, " will remember you, Brother *Bayo-*" *net*," for that was his Name. " Aye, ſays *Bayonet*, " I thought ſo too once; " but you'll find ſome Duke's Pimp, " Plate-licking Footman, or Dunghill-" flavour'd Groom, or the fourth, nay, " fourteenth Couſin of a Parliament-" Man will be put over your Head, as " they have been over mine. I am now " near 60, have been under Arms ſince " 17, and tho' I can't boaſt any Know-" ledge of Mathematics, or Skill in Gun-" nery, yet I think the Pains I have taken " in training all the young Recruits, and

" Dili-

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" Diligence with-all, merited better For-
" tune. I ought to have been a Ser-
" jeant when *Cartridge* was made:
" But there's a Secret — his Sister and
" the Colonel — I say no more — learn,
" young Man, to be deaf when you hear,
" and blind when you see, or Woe be to
" you. However, I wish you more
" Luck than old *Bayonet*:" And, having accepted, with some Struggles, a bright Queen *Anne*'s Shilling from *Bates* for his Trouble, (which he genteelly said was not intended as a Reward for his Service, but only to put him in Mind of brave Times, for he added a Handful of Copper besides) took his Leave; for *Bates* desired to be alone.

He now practises all he had been taught again and again, the Moon and Weather still favouring. " I shall soon, says he, " be talk'd of here for a *Mar-*
" *tinet*, and this will be carried to *Lon-*
" *don*, and then I shall be able to look
" Dr. *Cassoc* and the old Folks in the
" Face." The Clock now struck Two,

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ſo many Hours from Nine had *Bates* been practiſing his Step, and the Weild of his Firelock. " It will do, ſays he, " and now, to begin early with Hard- " ſhips, I'll ſleep upon that Garden- " Bench, for one of theſe Days we " ſhall live in Barracks and lie hard; " beſides, Marſhal *Turenne*, when a " Boy, and a puny one, was found " ſleeping on a Cannon, I wiſh there " was one here: There's the Iron " Roller, I'll reſt my Head on that; " ſecond Thoughts, 'tis ſomething " like a Cominge." He ſoon fell aſleep, tired with his March that Day, and his five Hours Exerciſe; but before he went to Reſt *Betſey*, and her Prank at his Chriſtning, run ſo in his Head, that he dreamt of her, and talk'd ſo loud in his Sleep that *Bayonet*, who was ſent out, thinking he might have deſerted, over-heard him ſay, " Oh! *Betſey*, your " dear Maggot at my Chriſtning will " make a Man of me. Wherever you " are, Angels protect and guard you." *Bayonet*, who came on Tip-toe, now wak'd,

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wak'd him, and said, "Pray, have you "ever been a Play'r-Man? it seems "so by your Tone of Voice. If so, "I'll never Roll with you; for I think "it beneath even a private Man to be "intimate with a vagabond Shew-fel-"low: Let me know, that I may beat "my Retreat in Time; for tho' I am "told many a Colonel, and many a "Duke after him, have them at their "Tables, yet 'tis only to laugh at them, "and not laugh with them." *Bates*, now broad awake, smil'd at *Bayonet*'s Notions of Rank, it being the only Thing which had tempted himself into the Army, and having walk'd a Turn or two, soon convinc'd him that he had a little Love, among other Things, for Plays and Poetry, which, as lesser Accomplishments, would serve him in great Stead at the Tables of Grandees who might not understand more noble Studies, where he did not doubt soon to arrive.

Bayonet now ask'd him, "If he did "not want Sleep." — "No, says *Bates*, "'tis

" 'tis near Morning, and this is only a " Sample of what I can do when my " King or Country call. 'Tis not a " red Coat makes a Soldier; Patience " of Fatigue, Firmneſs in Danger are " the Things: And you will live to " ſee, without any Parliament Man's " Intereſt, and without Purchaſe, for " I believe my Friends would purchaſe " for me if I could beg Pardon, I will " will be an Officer. He that buys is " no Soldier. Adieu, honeſt *Bayonet*, " I'll read 'till Morn.

Bates, being alone, could not help wond'ring at the general Contempt for Play'r-Men, as *Bayonet* call'd them, — a Profeſſion, ſays he, that in general requires the beſt Talents of every particular one, Voice, Addreſs, Figure, Memory, Application, Judgment, and what not? I own, I honour and pity them; honour their Abilities, and pity them for the Slights they endure.

Bayonet, when he went in, buzz'd it in the Kitchen; for now the firſt Maid-ſervant was ſtirring, whoſe Buſi-

neſs

neſs it is, while ſhe is inferior, to bear the Fatigues of her Superior, in the Arms of ſome Stable-ſmelling Groom, perhaps, and while ſhe was lighting Fires, *&c.* *Bayonet* told her what a wonderful young Recruit they had, and wiſhed, "as, ſays he, I know the World, that "his Genius did not make him Ene-"mies among the Officers, who, like "Mankind in general, ſeldom like that "in another which they have not them-"ſelves." But it had a contrary Effect. Who ſhould the Captain of Grenadiers of this Regiment be but *Betſey*'s own and only Brother; a Man who, like his Siſter, had a Head to conceive, and a Heart to execute, every Thing great and noble in Love, in Friendſhip, or in War. What a Turn? The Captain, at Breakfaſt, heard, in a confus'd Way, ſomething of this Recruit, and, with a Benevolence and Grace ſtill attendant on him, tho' now by being ſlighted a private Gentleman, ſent for him up, and ſpoke with him. Inſtead of the Idle Queſtions which Officers in general

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general ask, he examined *Bates*'s Skill in the Classics, in Mathematics, and so on. Amaz'd at his Answers, he said, with a Smile, " I shall never forget " the Sweets of our first Life at School: " I had forgot your Person but not your " Virtues: I'll immediately write to " your Friends, that I am willing to " discharge you: If you don't chuse " that, I will press them to purchase a " Commission for you. 'Tis Pity a " Person of your Abilities and Accom- " plishments should rank with com- " mon Men." " Aye! says *Bates*, " Your Honour is very gracious. 'Tis " in vain to write home, the Doctor " of the Parish rules the Family and " hates the Colour of your Cloth. Be- " sides, I have no Opinion that I should " behave well with a Commission " *bought* by Interest or Money. I'll " gain one by my Merit; if not, die " privately, and tell it boldly on my " Tomb; which will be some Satisfac- " tion, tho' not to myself, yet to those " brave but slighted Comrades, who read

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" read or hear it red, as that ſhall hap-
" pen. I have repeated that of General
" *Joſhua Gueſt*, in *Weſtminſter Abby*,
" a hundred Times; not to myſelf
" only, but to Paſſers by.—Leave me
" to my Fate; take me but in your
" Company and I ſhall be happy: I
" love the Life, and if Study will make
" me great I will be ſo." The Cap-
tain ſmiled and ſaid, " *There was a*
" *Time!*" I don't know whether he
did not, as *Shakeſpear* ſays, *play the*
Woman a Moment, for he had been
diſappointed, and ſeen many Friends
much more ſo: If he wept it was for
them—therefore I'll believe he did.—
The Captain now aſk'd if I wanted any
Money; but if I then did, not never to
want again while he had any: And
added, " If you'll be a little expert
" with your Firelock I'll make you a
" Corporal in few Days; it will diſpleaſe,
" but you deſerve it.—Adieu! am go-
" ing to write to my Siſter, and will
" mention you." *Bates* walk'd now
on feather'd Feet, and the Recruits aſ-
ſembling

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ſembling below he joined them; and ſo amazingly performed his Duty, that they all ſaid he had been a Soldier before; and one Mulberry-nos'd Fellow whiſpered his Comrade, to read the Daily Papers, wiſhing firſt he could read himſelf, for this Youth is certainly a Deſerter, ſays he; as I am the *Scholard*, ſays *Rammer*, and *find* Reading, I'll have two-thirds of the Reward.—Agreed.—Thus in a Day's Time was this Youth beſet by Spies, not with a View to benefit the Service, but, like all Informers, to ſerve themſelves;—and thrive on his Overthrow. Such is the World!

CHAP.

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CHAP. V.

There is a Tide, in the Affairs of Men,
Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune. Says *Shakeſpear.*
And *Bates* now thought ſo.

SUPPOSE him at once in the Rank of Corporal; and this quick Riſe being in leſs than a Month, ſeemed a Preſage of future Glory. It was no diſpleaſing Sight to him the firſt Day to read his Name in Orders, that *Ephraim Triſtram Bates* was to be obey'd as Corporal: He could but look on himſelf as one of the Fortunate, and often repeated the Diſtich ſo much to his Purpoſe.

The Lucky have whole Hours, and thoſe they uſe,
Th' Unlucky have but Moments, them they looſe. The

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The Shoulder-knot, though otherwiſe the Badge of the Footman, at once was become glorious, and he took ſome Pains to ſpread it, ſo as that Part of it fell before him as he walked. He laughed at Gold and Silver — Worſted was immediately found to be nobler and more honourable. The Pleaſure of being admitted at all Times to Officers' Rooms was great, and if any News was ſtirring, *Bates*, they ſaid, was ſly, but knew all. This pleaſed him, as, indeed, it does moſt People when they are or are not, to be *thought* of Conſequence. The Rank of Corporal, the Favour of the Grenadier Captain, and the Whiſpers of his Family and Eſtate which he had quitted for the Glory of Arms, began to make Envy ſtop her Hiſſes; and, as they now found him too ſtrongly rivitted in Favour and Fortune to be unhing'd or remov'd, they one and all ſaid, he deſerv'd to be Corporal; the Man was born a Soldier:— An *Iriſhman* who had been his greateſt Perſecutor ſaid, "*Bates* has ſo much

" of

" of a Soldier, that, by my Faith, if he " run away like a Coward he would " be a brave Soldier ſtill, and the E- " nemy dare not front him; nay, I " know ſo much of him already, that " he would ſtare the Devil in the Face " though his Back was towards him. " By Heav'ns, I ſaw him one Day beat " a Fellow ſo, for only meaning to be " impudent, that he ſpit Blood out of " his Noſe, Ears and Eyes. Whoever " ſays *Bates* is a Coward muſt fight " me, if *Bates* refuſes to fight him." A *Scotch* Comrade ſaid, In gud Truth I'm glad to ha Maeſter *Bates* our Corporal. I was afraid of ha'ing my Countryman *Joany Crauford* ſett over us: I canna lik a North Briton ſhould ha Autority. *Bates* ſmiled, and recollected the Fable, and Fables ſerve us through Life, where the ſame Breath warmed a Man's Fingers and cooled his Broth, as *Æſop* will tell you at large. Jealouſies and Envies now politically ſubſided, and that was all *Bates* expected.

But

But if his Joy was so great in being Corporal, how must he be affected when on the sudden Death of *Cartridge*, by drinking a Quart of Gin at a Draught for a Wager, he was advanced to Serjeant within 6 Months from his inlisting. *Betsey* often occurred to his Mind, and he wished for a Repetition of that Ceremony which had made him so fortunate. *Bates* now wore Ruffles and the Sword of a Gentleman, which the Captain good-naturedly gave him with this pretty Hint of *Shakespear*.

Beware of getting into Quarrels, but being in,
Bear it that th' Opposer may beware of thee.

You must imagine his Joy—no Words can paint it. He knew it would vex Dr. *Cassock*, and he contrived he should know it. The Parson would now fain have truckled, but *Bates*'s Spirit was superior to all that. No, no, says

ſays he! What, occaſional Conformiſts. If Drums were once pleaſing, now they were charming; for he could make them beat whenever and as long as he pleaſed. The Ladies now, for even they raiſe their Smiles to the Rank of the Party, ſo much as they would have it paſs for love only, paid him Reſpect; and as he ſung and occaſionally played a Flute, *Bates* frequently got Acceſs to them. His Amours, whether in Obedience to *Betſey*'s Requeſt at the Ceremony of Sprinkling, or whether from a natural Taciturnity, were ſuch, that they never tranſpired, though I have heard him ſay without mentioning Names, and even then a little in Liquor, that once in a ſingle Family he gallanted with the Miſtreſs, the Lodger and the Maid, ſo very dextrouſly that, far from ſuſpecting him, they courted for one another. His Amours may be the Subject of future Books. We ſhall confine ourſelves to more weighty Affairs. Love, ſays *Bates*, is the Daughter

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ter of Idleneſs, but the Mother of Diſquietude. Beſides, his Country's-Service called him a Recruiting, now, which gave him more real Joy, than an Intrigue to a needy Officer with a rich doating Alderman's Wife.

C CHAP.

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CHAP. VI.

Great Souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an Age ——— says *Pope*.

BATES had the Service ſo at Heart, that, beſides the general Allowance for Inliſting, he often added ſome of his private Stock, for when he left home he took his own Silver Tankard and ſold it (and he was not aſhamed, for he had frequent Precedents in his Memory of the Kind, that Officers in Foreign Services, particularly the *French*, among which Marſhal *Belliſle* was a late Inſtance, at *Prague*, had done the ſame) rather than loſe a Man who would do Honour to his Regiment. " Self-love, " ſays he, I have often read, and firmly believe and feel it now, is the " Spring of all our Actions. In ſerving " the

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" the Regiment I ſhall ſerve myſelf.
" The private Officers will mention it
" to the Field-Officers; they to the
" reviewing General, when he comes,
" and he to the King and Council, per-
" haps; and they will of Courſe, for
" they muſt be aſhamed to do otherwiſe,
" ſay to one another, what is his Name?
" The Fellow muſt have a Soldier-like
" Soul to ſpend his own little Fortune,
" and hazard the loſing of a conſider-
" able one, merely for his Country and
" a Love of Arms: I'll take his Name
" down, though 'tis ſuch a particular
" one, I can never forget it, — and ſo
" they ſay all." — *Bates* often fell into ſuch Reveries; and whenever he read in News-papers, which he never failed to remember, how Officers abroad were rewarded from the Royal Hand with a Sword ſet with Jewels, a Star of ſome Order, or the like, he never doubted but he ſhould be that Perſon at home. After nine Months, and ſeeing the Humours of a travelling Life for the firſt Time, the Particulars of which would

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pleaſe ſome and tire others, ſo that we leave them for another Work, he joined the Regiment with forty-four Recruits; not one of whom but nobly paſt even the Approbation of thoſe who would have wiſhed *Bates* not to have flouriſhed ſo well. But Envy was overpowered by Truth, and ſo made a Merit, as the World too often do when they cannot diſſerve you, of approving, aſſiſting, or at leaſt ſtanding Neuter. The noble Captain of Grenadiers, who, by *Bates*'s Vigilance and Diligence was made ſo Happy, gave him, with that Smile, which I believe will hang on him even in Death, a Shagreen Watch ſet in Gold. A Token of School-friendſhip, and a poor Reward, ſays he, for your Services; but it will tell the Time of the Day, for Minutes are precious to Men of Learning and Genius. I hope you will find more powerful Friends: — If they have but the ſame Inclinations 'twill be well. —— This Watch, after faithfully being worn by *Bates*, and amidſt many and ſtrange

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Diſtreſſes never having quitted his Fob, to anſwer any Neceſſities of his own, (though once he loſt Sight of it a few Days to aſſiſt an Officer's Widow to bury her Huſband) is by his Will returned to the kind Donor. And may it ever tell him the exact Minute of his Happineſs and Good-fortune when I am no more!

The Watch, the Halbert and other Circumſtances of Affection from the Captain, for baſe Minds have no Idea of a benevolent Heart, merely for the Pleaſure of being ſo, occaſioned ſome odd Whiſpers at Quarters, *Bates* being rather handſome and fair than manly. But ſome Proofs of the Captain's Love and Tenderneſs for the Female Sex in Quarters, very ſoon bruſh'd away all Suſpicions. *Bates* now had Leiſure, and his Mind being at Eaſe by the Countenance of all the Officers, for nothing renders the Mind ſo as a Certainty of Approbation, and nothing takes up more Time than making firm Friends, ſent to *London* for his Books of *Algebra*

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Fluxions, his Inſtruments and a ſmall Cohorn, which with Difficulty he had purchaſed when he went Recruiting. With theſe, late and early, he was laying up a Magazine of Knowledge, which he ſaid, poor Man, muſt ſometime *or other* be wanted. Several of the Subalterns, who I believe had bought in, took a Pleaſure in interrupting him, and, perhaps, from a known Maxim that what we do not underſtand we deſpiſe, and what we can't do of ourſelves wiſh no one elſe could. — What ſays *Pope?*

——— *ſupply'd,*
And each Vacuity of Senſe by Pride.

But the Captain of Grenadiers, who for the Future we will call Captain *Merit*, would often ſteal away, even from a freſh *Gazette*, and ſay, with all Modeſty, " Come, *Bates!* I'm not a- " ſham'd to accept Knowledge from " any Man; my Studies have been of " another Kind." And ſo they would re-

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retire to ſome Hill where Books, and the Proſpect of Nature, would alternately fill up their Day. So, ſays the Divine *Milton*,

Others, apart, ſate on a Hill retir'd.

Capt. *Merit* would often aſk him, "how he ſucceeded ſo well in Recruiting." And added — "ſure you did "not learn of *Cartridge*." "No, Sir, "ſays he, I ſcorn a Lie; 'tis beneath a "Soldier. — I told them the plain "Truth, — and having ſeen your Method of Behaviour to Mankind in ge-"neral, I try'd to imitate you, though "very aukwardly: Sir, I never tra-"pan'd any Man in his Drink, but "left it to themſelves how to act next "Day. Had I recruited for *America* "they ſhould have known the whole "Secret; or was there a Chance of "their being us'd as Marines, *Bates* "would have ſaid ſo. — 'Tis Mean to "deceive. — Indeed, I anſwered too "much, perhaps, for our Betters; for "I ſaid, if they would truſt to *Merit*,

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" they would, *assuredly*, be rewarded.
" Did I say too much? I hope not! I
" have not been deceived by the Great
" hitherto." " You have known none,
" says *Merit*." " Yes, Sir, I have
" known *you*. If Goodness makes a
" great Man you are the Greatest."
" Thank Heav'n, says *Merit*, that we
" are distant from the Town, for they
" would think I had done these very
" Trifles for you, merely to hear the
" Echo of them. No, Serjeant! am
" glad I could make you Happy, and
" wish the same Spirit may reign a-
" mong my Betters, when your Merits
" are known. But Prithee tell me how
" you recruited so many fine Fellows."
" Why, Sir, I ventured to answer for
" you. — Flattering again. — No in-
" deed, Sir, I don't — But certainly
" your Behaviour, badly as the Part
" was acted by me, gained me all. In
" Places where a standing Army seem-
" ed odious, as at *Worcester*, *Glouce-
" Shrewsbury*, I succeeded. And I re-
" member, at a public House in *Glou-*

" *cester*

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" *ceſterſhire*, in a certain Village where " the Church is much viſited for the " Sake of its painted Glaſs, half a Do- " zen Trades-people roſe from the Set- " tle and took their Hats at Sight of " me. I had the Art to recall them, " and having ſoon employed each in " his different Way, not one would " accept a Farthing at parting: I was " ſhav'd, cobled, taylor'd *Gratis*; and the " other three being a Butcher, the Clerk " of the Pariſh, and a Gentleman's " Gardiner, I met with no leſs Favour " from them. I din'd with the firſt, " often ſaw the Church, and the Gar- " dens near the Church, *Gratis* too. " Nay, brought off 5 Recruits —— " what they are you know. I ſay no " more." Thus Time went on often mingled with Experiments in Mathematics and common Converſe — What a heav'nly Life, for me, compared to that of Subalterns, whoſe whole Bliſs conſiſts in very coarſe Intrigue, Power, and ill adapted Dreſs. One Evening the Sun, as my fav'rite *Milton* ſays, was

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And the benevolent Capt. *Merit* ſaid, " 'tis too ſoon to go to Quarters; — " let us enjoy the Evening and this " Scene of Nature." It was near a Water-mill. Deſcriptions are needleſs, for I ſcarce ever ſaw one that was not a Place of elegant Retirement in warm Weather worthy the moſt Curious. *Merit* began, " I have Letters from *London* which I think I ought in Honour " to inform you of, — our Regiment, I " hear, will be broke ſoon." — " Not " for Cowardice, or want of Diſcipline, " ſays *Bates*, I'll anſwer, at leaſt, for " our Grenadier Company." " No, ſays " *Merit*, but 'tis eſteemed Right to do " ſo. — I never wiſh'd it an old Regi- " ment 'till now, and that for your " Sake, * * * * * * * * * * * I am tired of the Life. A ſlight " Oppoſition of my Uncle's in ***** " has twice 'thwarted my View for the " Lieutenant Colonel-ſhip; and I think " unleſs a Man has the Rank of a Field-

" Officer

" Officer by 30 Years of Age, the Service and the Way of Life are very " paltry. I'm only in Pain for you." " Leave me, which was his common " Expreſſion, to my Fate, ſays *Bates*; " but, pray, how could any little Error " of your Uncle, affect you: — I don't " underſtand how the **** have to " do with Officers, and their riſing or " falling." " I'll tell you, ſays *Merit*, — " and to give you a Hint of your fav'rite " *Milton* in Return for yours, I will " ſay,

And Day is not yet ſpent. You ſee,
How ſubt'ly to detain thee, I contrive.

Aye; and, ſays *Bates*, I can truly ſay with him,

With thee converſing I forget all Time.

" I beg Pardon, Captain, but could not " help it. — Pray, Sir, proceed — Why " then, for we are alone here, when " an Officer is to be advanced, or firſt " appointed, the Man in Pow'r, * * * " * * * * * * * * * for

 " *one*

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" *one* generally Rules the reſt, is bet-
" ter pleas'd when the Candidate has
" Merit, which I will call for the Fu-
" ture Military Knowledge; tho' it will
" do without. But Merit is ſo pleaſing
" in the Eye of the World, that the
" Officer and Man of Power, what-
" ever private Agreement is between
" them, exult publickly when it hap-
" pens ſo, and drum it in the Ears of
" the World. Your Family are firſt
" inquired into, not for their Antiqui-
" ty, Honour, or Dignity, but whether
" they have ever oppoſed certain
" Schemes above, * * * * * *
" * * * * * * here a Whiſper
" enſued, though a Mile from Town;
" *Merit*, by Practice, having learn'd a
" Habit of Prudence even in the open
" Air and among Friends, and which
" Whiſper may be gueſs'd at. — You
" muſt always, if you have a Freehold,
" which I hear you have, approve of
" that Member ſent down to you from,
" * * * * * * (Whiſper again,)
" * * * * * * or elſe your Name
" is

" is mark'd and 'tis Difficult, in the
" Profeſſions of Law, Church or Ar-
" my, ever to get the Blot out. ——
" They have Alphabetical Books, I
" know the World, with the Letters
" *B. G.* fix'd to the Names of People, ſo
" that at firſt Sight they know how to
" act: — Well! ſuppoſing you Vote,"
" Aye! but, ſays *Bates*, they ſhall ne-
" ver make me Vote againſt my Con-
" ſcience." — " Well, more of that ano-
" ther Time, * * * * * * *
" (Whiſper again,) * * * * why do
" you know, ſays *Merit*, that even
" I, in the diſpoſing of ſuch a Trifle as
" one of my Halberts, was even for-
" bid giving it to you, becauſe of your
" Father's Behaviour at, * * * * *
" (Whiſper again) * * * * * *
" but am determined to quit the
" Service, and ſo will be no Slave.
" You have it, and I wiſh it would
" continue to you; —— but what I
" ſuſpect is, that we ſhall all be ſet a-
" float. --- And now tell me, for we
" ſhall ſoon be divided, and then it

" may

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" may be out of my Power to ſerve you;
" what Plan of Life, for theſe Orders
" are very ſudden and peremptory even
" to ſave a ſingle Day's Pay, will you
" follow?" *Bates*, recovering himſelf, ſaid, " I will entirely take your Ad-
" vice." Then, with a Sigh, " Ah! my
" Hopes are blaſted. Forgive me, but
" I muſt out with it ---

This is the State of Man --- to Day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hope, to morrow Bloſſoms." ---

And ſo went through the Whole with Voice and Action, ſecond to one only, who is truly firſt of this or any Age. ---
" I would fain, ſays *Bates*, ſo eager
" am I to learn the Profeſſion, go into
" a Foreign Service." " They are all
" now at Peace, ſays *Merit*, and I
" would not advice any Man I lov'd
" to enter the Service of our Enemies,
" the *French*; though from thoſe, even
" in Peace, there is much to be learned.
" They

" They have Military Schools, and " make a Science of War, by which " they will in Time conquer all the " World." — " All but *Great Britain*, " ſays *Bates*, for they never ſhall ma- " ſter that, I anſwer for one only, " while this Sword of yours is tru- " ſty, and this Arm can graſp it. — " Why, I think; — but let us walk, " it grows chilly, and you have not " been well lately. — How tender, and " what an Heart! My Chamber is a " very private one, at Quarters, divid- " ed from the Stairs by my Dining- " room. There you will find me. It " will paſs for regimental Buſineſs, if " you bring your Books of Orders with " you." They parted at the Swing-Gate, *Bates* begging the Captain not to let him walk into Town ſo cloſe, leaſt Jealouſies, (for *Bates* was a Friend to Harmony among all his Comrades) as he ſaid, ſhould be rais'd in the Garriſon; for now every Thing was Military in his Eye.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VII.

BATES had often, even on the Route with his young Recruits, given them ſuch a Thirſt for military Glory, that on the Road, tired as they, ſometimes, were with the Day's March, *Bates* would contrive an Ambuſcade, or divide his Men into two Colums, as he calls them, and by ſending one of them a different Road, ſo manage it, that they ſhould meet, take to their Arms, and a Mock-fight us'd to enſue. Being often whiſpered by his Genius, as he called him, that one of theſe Days he ſhould be a general Officer, he early made it a Rule, not to embezzle the leaſt Penny of the Royal Money, or ſquander Money's Worth if it belong'd to the Crown. It was to avoid ſuch a Character, as little Things appear againſt us when

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when we are Great, by the Rule of Envy, that he always uſed his own Powder: For the Sound of ſmall Arms was ſo pleaſing to him, next to Artillery, that he would rather baulk himſelf of a hot Supper, after the Fatigue of the Day, than have your childiſh dumb firing, as he called it. They may as well, ſays he, preſent Broomſticks. ---- 'Tis not the Thing. --- No, no, I'll have it compleat, or not at all. He was pleaſed when he paſt by Print-ſhops in *London*, to ſee thoſe of General Officers reſting on a Cannon, and never would at home or abroad ſit on a Chair, if a Drum could be got for Love or Money. He often expreſſed great Diſlike at the Mezzotinto of a certain great Officer, * in Armour, with his Lady in the ſame Paper. " 'Tis " beneath a Soldier, ſays he, to be loll- " ing with them: --- In their Way I " honour them. --- But *Mark Anthony* " loſt the greateſt Victory (that of the " whole World) by quitting his Poſt " of Glory, for an inglorious Woman. " --- I

* General C---b---e.

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" —— I believe and have read, ſhe was
" pretty. — But what then? a Fleſh
" Wound in a viſible Part will draw
" more Eyes than all the Vermillion
" Lady *** can boaſt of, or the Teeth
" of the Counteſs of ***, which the
" very ingenious and ingenuous Mr.
" *L — y* will honeſtly aknowledge too
" perfect to be improved."

Bates, tho' his Voice was ſweet and more adapted to Love or Paſtoral Ballads, would never be prevailed on to oblige his Company that Way: — But, aſk him, or not aſk him, for *Britons ſtrike home*, *To Arms*, *To Arms*, &c. and Songs of that Kind, and they were at his Tongue's End. He had as little Jealouſy or Envy in his Temper as any Man; and yet coming to a certain Inland Town once, where a Serjeant was recruiting for the *Royal*, *the King's own Regiment*, and ſo forth, as he puffed it away, and pointing to his blue Facings and Lining, he laugh'd a little at *Bates*'s Trimmings, compared to his own; and aſk'd the Opinion of the Country Lads who

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who ſtood next him, who, one and all, cry'd *Yes! no Compariſon.* *Bates* ſaid he could not ſtand it, but chang'd his Quarters that Day, tho' it was a forc'd March as he call'd it, to the next Town; but telling his Recruits the Reaſon, they caught the Flame of Jealouſy too, and chearfully obeyed his Requeſt to decamp, tho' privately wiſhing their Regiment had been *royal* too. *Bates* often on the March would buy the *Oxford*, *Saliſbury*, or *Glouceſter* Journal, as he happened to meet with them at Quarters or on the Road; and ſometimes reading that ſuch a Day died General ſuch-a-one aged 91, who ſerv'd in all the Wars under the Duke of *Marlborough*, he would ſay, with a Sigh, ---

" Ah! *there's one the leſs.* 'Twas
" Pity he died in any Bed but the Bed
" of Honour. I would ſooner have
" the green Earth-ſod over my Breaſt,
" than all that the Chiſſel of that moſt
" ingenious Artiſt Mr. *Ryſbrach* could
" faſhion over me. I once read an Ode
" to the Memory of one Col. *Roſs*, ſlain
" at the Battle of *Fontenoy*; and tho' I
" read

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" read it but once, can I ever forget it?
" One Stanza is ever uppermoſt in my
" Memory:

The warlike Dead of ev'ry Age,
Who fill the fair-recording Page,
Shall leave their wonted Reſt;
And, half-reclining on his Spear,
Each wond'ring Chief by Turns appear
To hail the blooming Gueſt.

" He was young, but old in Honour.
" May I have ſuch a Bard when my
" Debt to *Old England* is paid: And I
" ſhall pity thoſe who think to be im-
" mortal by lying in ridiculous State;
" having a Train of black (but not
" mourning Coaches, for I remember
" a certain Dean to have ſaid, and I
" believe with Truth, that there was
" no really merry Hearts but in
" Mourning) Coaches, an expenſive
" Tomb, and Trophies over it they, nor
" their Anceſtors, never merited." ——
Thus *Bates* would amuſe himſelf on his Drum-head; and to keep the Mi-

litary

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litary the more, often roaſting ſome Game, he killed in the March, on the Rammer of a Fire-lock, lighting the Fire with a Flaſh from his Pan; and, after Supper, picking his Teeth with a Bayonet --- his Anſwer to any impertinent Fellow was always at Hand, ---- *C'eſt en Militare*; — " and, ſays he, " very juſtly, what Money I have to " ſpare goes in Powder for the Service. " I am content. ---- And, like *Brutus*,

Can raiſe no Money by vile Means.
Gods! I had rather pawn my Soul,
And drop my Blood for Drachmas,
Than wring from the hard Hands of Peaſants,
Their vile Traſh by any Indirection.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VIII.

Now came ſtill Evening on, and Twilight grey,
Had in her ſober Livery all Things clad.

WHEN *Bates*, having ſhook all his Company by the Hand, which was his Method at Sun-riſe and Sun-ſet, went up to the Captain's Apartment, the Time being come; where, after the neceſſary Things were brought in for the Evening's Entertainment, more philoſophical than luxurious, which was exactly to *Bates*'s Palate, who never drank much or eat Suppers, as it prevented his Studies in the Morning, they ſat down, and, like *Milton*'s Angels,

Quaff'd Immortality and Joy. ———

And being ſure of not being interrupted, the Magazines, as *Bates* ſaid, being ſupplied,

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pled, the Discourse went on where it broke off at the Mill. " 'Tis too true, " says the Captain, what I suspected. " We are to be smash'd; I grieve for " you and the Expence you have been " at privately, which, I fear, will ne- " ver be consider'd. A bare thanky " will be all at parting. They will say, " *well done thou good Servant*; * * * " * * * * * * * * * * * and " there will stop short. But since you " are so kind to solicit and accept my " Advice, I will as freely give it you, " as you can ask it. After the Rank " of a Serjeant, (this pleased *Bates*,) " you can never chuse to be lower. A " private Centinel in the Guards, is a " poor Station: — I would fill up my " Time, for there will be War soon, " depend on it, with pursuing your " Studies, and, to get Subsistance, " would certainly accept the Place of " Valet de Chambre, or House-steward " to some ingenious Man in your own " Way, whose Apparatus will improve " you, *Gratis*. Who will know it?

" You

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" You will be maintained like a Scholar " without Care, which Students ſhould " never know; and if a War breaks " out, I will, * * * * * * * * " * * * for I'm going to retire to build " on a little Eſtate I have News of " being left me, where, like *Cincinna-* " *tus*, your fav'rite Character, I will " Plow, — but fight for my *Country* " if my *Country* calls me." *Bates* was too manly not to receive any ill News with a Smile, eſpecially when delivered from ſuch oratorial Lips as the Captain's: And Supper being over they parted. A few Days convinced *Bates* of what he ſuſpected: The Regiment aſſembled and was broke. The Speech the Captain made to his Grenadiers, was worthy of a *Roman* General. And *Bates*, after he went, left ſuch an Impreſſion on their Minds, together with their Captain, that, I believe, no Memory can recollect a more affecting Sight. *Bates*, who loved, and often, read *Shakeſpear*, told them in *Brutus*'s Words, that, if ever they met again, —

They'd

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——————— *They'd ſmile indeed;*
If not, — why then this Parting was well made.

Bates, having behaved well for three Years, the Time of the Regiment ſtanding imagined it muſt have reach'd home, and would give Pleaſure to them to ſee their *prodigal* Son, as they called him, returned. If I am broke, ſays he, for now he ſpoke a little *French*, *C'eſt la Fortune de la Guerre*, I'll go and face *Caſſock*, *Sponge* and *Sedentary*; beſides, if they ſlight me, I have ſome more Plate and Moveables, my own Property, which I'll take away; it will ſerve upon a *March*. Away he goes. Suppoſe him arrived. Knock, and it ſhall (*not*) be open'd, for he had been deſcried the Length of the Common, and the old Folks, as he ſays, ſpoke through the *Ambraſures*. Failing here, he went to *Caſſock*'s Houſe — clos'd: — But a pert *Oxford* Scholar, his old Comrade, and who was once a Parlour-

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boarder to *Caſſock*, and now on a Viſit in Vacation, began, in the Name of the whole Village, to *roaſt* away. — Well! A Gentleman's Son turn'd to a Serjeant of *Feet*. — 'Tis not *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſis*, though 'tis an odd Metamorphoſis. — I forgave this Crime in him of punning, becauſe he was come from the *Spring-head* of thoſe Idleneſſes. — "What, ſays he, had you *walk'd* to "Day you would have had bliſter'd "Feet, but as you *march'd*, I ſuppoſe "you hear it Soldier-like: And, why? "Becauſe you have no Money to *ride*; "ha, ha, ha! — Well! where now? "You ſleep at the *Graſshopper Bagnio*, "I ſuppoſe, to ſhew your military Ge- "nius, for want of a ſoft Bed tho' Eh!" *Bates*, ſeeing him unarm'd, ſcorn'd to attack him, as a Man, and having ſlipt off his Sword, which was ſlung over his Shoulder, ſhort for marching with more Eaſe, he took him in his Arms, and having carried him a few Yards, unbutton'd his Breeches, and oh! dreadful to relate! whip'd him with Net-

tles,

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tles, at ev'ry Lash repeating this Line, — very slow — *Qui Color albus erat nunc est Contrarius albo.* — " Now, " says *Bates*, tho' I am not *Art's Ma-* " *ster*, I am A—e Master. I think " my Pun, in Return for your Meta- " morphosis, has a *Sting* in the Tale— " your's was rather blunt." And now it came to pass, that Mr. *Parodox* did not sit other than Edge-ways for some Weeks afterwards. — Not only despairing of any Favour now, but even expecting the most bitter Persecution from this Quarter, *Bates regirded* on his Sword, drank a Pint of Ale at the *Crooked-Billet* and *Tobacco-roll*, with his old Friend *Kilderkin*, told the Story, where it is repeated to this Day, set the Folks a Laughing, and then march'd for *London* with the Letter of Recommendation Capt. *Merit* had kindly given him; every now and then recollecting the odd Position Mr. *Paradox* must sit in, and smiling to think how dangerous it is to depend on Classical Parts, without the least Tint of Good-manners. You will

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find *Bates* not of a cruel Temper in any Part of his Life but this, for the Ladies ſaid —— *Why did he uſe ſtinging Nettles, of all Things?* — Why? that Mr. *Paradox* might remember the Better. And, it is ſaid, he never has, or will forget it — but vents in his very Sermons great Venom againſt Soldiers and their licentious Behaviour, Cruelty and Blood Thirſtineſs; which *Bates* and all true Soldiers ſays — " Is a Tale " told by an Ideot — full of Sound and " Fury, ſignifying Nothing."

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

BATES, now being his own Master, was determined to see a little more of that Life he only peep'd at in Recruiting, so made his Way, with all Speed, for the Head of the *Severn*, his fav'rite River. Tracing that glorious Channel up to it's Spring-head was no very mean Part of his Study: "Because, says he, my "Friend *Shakespear* mentions the *Se-* "*vern*. — That will repay the Fatigue "of going (for observe, now, being "broke he did not *March*, tho' Mr. *Pa-* "*radox* was pleas'd to say so) if 'tis on- "ly to speak *Hotspurs*'s Speech on the "very Banks." Here he tried it, but it would not do; it was not in Character yet by 100 Miles.

His Cloaths, being disbanded, he now thought rather a Satire on him than otherwise, as the Country-fellows

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are too glad of any occaſion to humble a *proud* Soldier. Therefore he determined to change, and finding a fooliſh Follow, who ardently wanted a Red-coat, he agreed on his giving him a plain frock Suit to reſign the *royal* Apparel, now his own. — Agreed. — Imagine the Corporal, or Serjeant, now in a brown Habiliment, ready to paſs *Incog*. After much greeting they parted, and *Bates* ſet off with *Piſtoll*'s Motto.

Si fortune me tormento, ſpera me contento.

The firſt Traveller he join'd was an itinerant Taylor, who perceiving *Bates* to ſlide two or three Times, took up the End of his 5 Feet Pole, and ſaid, "I thought ſo; — no Ferrele! Here, "let us ſet down a Moment and I'll "put on one of my Thimbles: — You "ſhall never *ſlide* afterwards." — This was the Caſe; and, to this Day, I feel the Reaſon of what he advanced: — The Thimble being not quite puſh'd home it gripes the Ground, and gives

a

a sure footing. This honest Fellow, at Night, finding out *Bates* had been a Soldier, said, " before we part (for I " love a Soldier) let me shew my Love. " I will repair you *Gratis*." *Bates*, luckily, wanted nothing, but was pleased to find such Generosity in a Stranger, and in a Country where Scarlet was rather a disagreeable Colour. This convinces me that 'tis the proud Behaviour of the Army in general that raises Indignation, not the Profession.

Bates very soon found, now, the Truth of the Name of a certain Comedy call'd, *Wit without Money*: for take one Day with another 'till he arrived in *London*, he scarce ever paid for any Thing but his Bed. — " Sir, says a good Woman, " at *Hereford* (who practised a little in " *Surgery* besides lodging Travellers) " pardon my Freedom, but you seem " to have liv'd well, and are not what " you seem. 'Tis a sad Thing to be " *hungry* on the Road; — ev'ry Spring " can quench your Thirst tho' not raise " your Spirits like good Ale. But suppose

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" you are hungry, — do, put a Slice of " that in your Pocket, here's Paper for " you, and God bleſs you." I went a 100 Miles in ſearch of ſuch an Heart, and might go twice as far before I *could* find ſuch an other. *Bates*, willing to converſe with ev'ry one going the ſame Road, now overtook a Sow-gelder. The Fellow was drole and gen'rous. *Bates* called him Dr. *Cheſelden*, ſometimes, which almoſt affronted him, for he ſaid he imagined *Bates* was joking him, and that there was as much Skill in cutting his Patients, for ſo he called the Pigs, as Mr. *Cheſelden*'s. The Fracas was ſoon healed up, and they travelled together many Days: The Pig Operator at ev'ry Place ordering out the beſt each Houſe could afford for his Traveller, before he would touch a Patient. After near a Week they parted at *Worceſter*. Not a Gentleman's Houſe or Gardens eſcaped *Bates*. He did not believe the World had been as he found it — Such a Mixture of Trick and Generoſity in the ſame

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ſame Day, carried on with the ſame Features, as made *Bates* at laſt fix it within himſelf, that the Face was little more than a Maſque; and that Life was a continued and unchanging *Maſquerade*. Need he tell you that more than once, by his not gratifying the Curioſity of his ſeveral Queſtioners, but playing *Archer* with them, and anſwering ambiguouſly, he was ſuſpected, nay, apprehended for a Spy, a *Romiſh* Prieſt, *&c. &c. &c.*? —— *Bates* ſmiled, knowing his *Letters* would always clear him and the Point in Queſtion; — but was amaz'd to find Minds ſo narrow as to ſuſpect ev'ry one not the Produce of their own Town or Neighbourhood. One Day he overtook a Genius in a ſleeveleſs Waiſtcoat— "Whence come you," ſays *Bates*? "From *England*'s great City" replies he. "A Wit," ſays *Bates*. — "Aye! "Maſter, *ſharp's* the Word. — I'm a "Knife Grinder." — "Where's your "Equipage?" "Mortgaged, without "Equity of Redemption, in *London*." "— A Lawyer too," ſays *Bates* —

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" Yes, I have been, and am all Trades. " I ply'd in the *Temple* once with a " Ticket" —— " But, where now?" " To *Glouceſter*, for Work" — " Have " you Money," ſays *Bates?* — " E- " nough to carry me there, and to " ſpare; for I hate to enter a Place " like a Scrub. — I had a Shilling when " I left *London*; here's half of it, ſtill." " Why, how did you live?" " Ah! " Maſter, ſays he, you are young! " but, to travel cheap, ever chuſe the " Autumn: The Blackberries are Ripe " on ev'ry Hedge; the Country's alive; " all making Cyder, Cheeſe, or at " Harveſt home. I get in among " them ſome how or other, by Hook " or by Crook — Coming from *London* " they bite at the *Marvellous*, of which I " have enough. It muſt be a bad Din- " ner, or Supper, that won't allow for " a Supernumerary." — " But, when " you're tir'd, what do you do?" " Creep " in at the Tale of a Waggon; ſome- " times, with Leave; ſometimes, with- " out — If he looks ſurly I never aſk, " hating your Refuſals. — If I am caught,

" and

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" and the Driver Bullies, I get out, run " off, and never thank him: So, we are " even, you know." — " But, where " do you sleep," says *Bates?* " I never " know, says he. I grow tir'd, and find " myself somewhere in the Morning: " — But a Cow chewing her Cud is no " bad Barrack." " What, a Soldier, " says he, too" —— " Aye, Master, " lately broke." *Bates* gave him a Shilling, which the Fellow tossing up, and catching with a Smack, — cried —— *'twill do*, which was his Way of saying *thanky*. " Mind your P's and your Q's, " and always travel in the Autumn. — " Away for *Glouceſter*. — Brother Fire-" lock — Huzza, I wiſh I am not robb'd " tho'!" *Bates* found Dr. *Caſſocks* in ev'ry County, Men who by their Profeſſion are ſet apart for Meekneſs, Forgiveneſs and Humanity — Quite. — *But*, ſays he, *they know no better*. After ſome Months rambling, during the ſweet Months of *May* and *June*, which often, at Evening, put him in Mind of *Richard* IIId, where

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The Ripe Harveſt of the new mown Hay,
Gives us a ſweet and wholeſome Odour.

He got ſafe as far as *Abington*. *Bates*, from ſome Frugality and more Hoſpitality, was now rich, and being determined to enter *London* like a Gentleman, for knowing himſelf to be a *reduced* Serjeant, he thought ev'ry Body who ſaw him knew the ſame, and at the Poſt-houſe when he went to reſt, he deſired the Landlord to give him Intelligence of the firſt return'd Carriage for *London*. Early he was waked with News of a *burial* Equipage, as he wiſh'd. He ſnatched ſome Breakfaſt, and enter'd a Coach where Mrs. *Betty*, and Mr. *Thomas*, were on the Fume to gueſs the Legacy they were to meet with on opening the Will of my Lady, when they got to *London*. Not a ſingle Word about her Virtues, but whether at her Death, they were in Favour or no. Thus the Day paſt 'till we were arrived at the Bell at *Henley*. Old *Colliflower*, with his Coat and Waiſtcoat open, as uſual, receiv'd us. The Cordial went round freely

to

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to us, what would have been denied to their Maſters and Miſtreſſes, wiſhing the Servants at ev'ry Glaſs good Luck in the Will, for bare *Service* was no Inheritance. The Coachman of the Herſe was rough and cruel. His Poſtilion often ill uſed by him. But the Boy was ſenſible and revenged himſelf: For at dead of Night, he ſlip'd down Stairs and unpinn'd the Door of the Herſe, and let fly all the Cocks and Hens the Coachman had bought on the Road to ſell in *London*. --- Some were loſt, and Nobody ſuſpected the Author. --- But this may ſerve to inform the ever-gentle Reader, that as ſolemn as a Herſe goes to a Burial, the Contents are always different on the Return. --- Not dead Bodies! living ones: --- Good Sheep, Geeſe, Pigs and Turkies, not unworthy the Spit of even *Q*-----*n*'s Kitchen. *Bates* ſaid to himſelf, — this Boy has *Stratagem* — I wiſh his Friends would breed him a Soldier: Could I find them out, I'd --- the Lad has a *Head-piece*, which Officers ſhould, always, have --- and, indeed, I never hear to the Contrary.

CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

Tow'red Cities please us then,
And the busy Hum of Men.

LONDON's a fine City, says *Bates*, on his arrival; --- fix but on a Coffee-house, and Nobody asks where you lodge or how you diet. --- How different is a Country Town! They immediately besiege your Laundress to know how many Shirts you have, and whether Body and Sleeves are of the same Cloth; or why you have not as many Neckcloths as Shirts; this, when known, vexes, not for the Thing itself, but that there should be such narrow-minded *Animals* there.

Bates lay at an Inn, and was going to give the Maid two-pence for the Bed, as in the Country, when she said, " 'tis

" a-

" a Shilling for the lying alone; two " Shillings, at leaſt, Double, even tho' it " is your *Spouſe*: Otherwiſe we ſhould " have plenty of *Wedding-matters* " ev'ry Night, the Half-pence are my " *Parquaſy*." This Stroke was not unlucky, for it made *Bates* look Sharp for a Place which he fortunately heard of, and ſecured it for next Day. The Weather was fine, ſo he was determined to ſave the ſame Expence he had laſt Night met with; and walk'd all Night 'till he was ſo tired, that he, by Permiſſion, got into a Sedan Chair and ſlept well; *Teague*, whom he ſuſpects had ſtole many a Pair of Curtains and Cuſhions himſelf, having firſt diſmantled the Machine of all thoſe Moveables. Morning approaches, and the Deſcription given by Dr. *Swift*, was uppermoſt awhile, 'till other Objects drove them off. Away he goes to *Scotland* Yard to his future Maſter, being order'd to attend very early. He was * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
of the Ordinance. After the uſual Inquiries,

quiries, his Maſter ſaid, " The Letter " you brought mentions your having " great Skill in the Mathematics, par- " ticularly Gunnery and Fortification; " I will talk with you on that Head in " a Day or two. — Stay here. — You " are in my Service — am going to " *Woolwich*. — When you are ſettled " I'll take you, we have a good deal " of Buſineſs to Day: A Dinner giv'n " by ſome Iron-maſters in *Suſſex*, and " a tight Bottle, as uſual; *Buſineſs* e- " nough. — To-morrow I'll talk fur- " ther." — Away he drove, and with ſuch State of Equipage, that not a Man-ſervant, but your very humble Servant, was left behind. This was Lucky. " Now, ſays I, after having " been idle a good while, I'll paſs one " Day at leaſt in Study." — The Houſe- keeper bid me go and examine all the Rooms that I might be familiar with them againſt To-morrow. " But, ſays " ſhe, my Maſter generally ſits in his " Library all the Morning. That Bell, " you'll ſoon know the Sound, calls " you, and you are not to go all round

" as

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" as we do now to get there, but here at " that Pannel-door." Pleas'd, I ſaid Nothing, but watch'd her Exit and ſly-ly enter'd the Study. But,

Oh, Hamlet, *what a falling off was there!*

To my Surprize, inſtead of Globes, Quadrants, Theodolites, *&c. &c. &c.* I found only a Set of *Spectators*, *Rocheſter*, *Joſeph Andrews*, ſome occaſional Pamphlets, and *Bland*'s Military Diſcipline. — *Bates*, here, rubb'd his Hands, for Joy — but, on taking it up, Oh! indignant Reader! the firſt Leaf was only *uncut!* ſo that he was forc'd to peep at the Letters, as if looking up a Chimney — for, ſays he, if I cut the Leaves my Maſter will know it. However, thinks I, his Library may be at *Woolwich* where his Buſineſs lies, I'll wait 'till I go there. To make up for this Diſappointment, the Cover, or Envelope, of my Letters, which were 6 in Number, addreſs'd to different People of Faſhion by my noble minded Captain, which I was on the Brink of

of deſtroying as waſte Paper, was a Letter to myſelf from him. — Oh! how ſweetly the Day paſt off! I read it again and again. Shall I gratify my Reader? I will. — For ſure it muſt be a Gratification to any humane Mind.

SIR,

THE Letters incloſed, to half a Dozen Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, are ſufficient to give you Footing in *London*, in the Way, you were ſo kind to approve of from me. As all the Perſons are on the *Spot*, you can't be long unemployed, and hope you will not. Excuſe the Liberty I ſtill purſue you with; but Inclination to ſerve very often occaſions a *ſeemingly* ſupercilious Freedom. This is not the Caſe, you know, with me; I would adviſe you, as *many* of our Officers are wanting in thoſe Sciences you ſo amazingly excel in, never to let your Plans go out of your Hands. In Action they will *claim* the Merit of them, and to continue that Notion to the Public

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lic never *reſtore* them to you. They will promiſe you to lay them before *this* or *that* noble Perſonage; but you had better wait 'till you can do it yourſelf. Preſerve your Health and your Honour, and tho' you are not *rich*, you'll be reſpected, at leaſt by one. My Houſe ſhall always be a Retreat for Men of Letters and Merit, even tho' their Fortunes have been and are, more untoward than your own. In Hopes of your well-doing, and that you may the better obtain it, in Hopes of your frequent Correſpondence, to let me know how you go on in every Plan you propoſe,

I am, &c.

I lived ſome Months with this noble Maſter of mine, and never heard him ſay a ſingle Word about what I long'd he would.—I was amazed.—At laſt he ſaid, "If you'll leave your *Drawing-*"*Books* with me, I'll contrive they *ſhall* "*be ſhewn to your Advantage.*"—How lucky it was I had read my dear Captain's Letter! I ſhould otherwiſe perhaps have

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have been cheated of all my Labours. — I ſoon found Means to beg a Diſcharge, let my Friend in the Country know all, and found a Place in a Week that ſeemed to promiſe better. It was a Phyſician at *Reading*, who really knew the Mathematics well, and had a fine *Apparatus*. An Accident, and a ſtrange one, blaſted all my Hopes here. In a few Days we were ſent for, at Midnight, to a Patient ſome Miles off. Had I had a Friend to let me into my Maſter's *real* Temper, I might have ſtaid Years with him. He was paſſionate, and, unlike paſſionate People, never forgave. He ſaid, when we ſet off, "*Bates*, you'll "take Care of all the *Neceſſaries*, and "the Lanthorn." Away we went; and, in a very boggy Lane, the Doctor flung a *Somerſet*, and I, endeavouring to ſave him, fell too, loſt the Lanthorn, and out it went. However, I found him in the Ditch, and aſk'd him, if he was hurt; he ſaid he ſhould ſoon know, and bid me ſtrike a Light. — Little did I think a Flint, Steel, and Tinder were the

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the *Neceſſaries* he meant. —— High Words enſued. —He ſaid, " I might " have known it if I would; —— every " Child in *Reading* knew his Method of " Night-travelling." And ſo we parted. —My next, for I was not long out of Place, was a *reverend* Dean. I took Pains to enquire his real Character, to prevent Miſtakes again, and found that he lov'd a *Jeſt* better than the *Pulpit*. Oh! ſays *Bates*, I'm your Man there. I had not then learn'd the Truth of that Maxim, that *Wits love Fools, for Fools give them an Edge*. One Morning being to preach, he lay a-bed, and when he ſaw me, ſaid, " *Bates*, give me the " Sermon I preach'd laſt Week: —— " 'Twill do again, I'm too late to *vamp* " it." " Aye, ſays *Bates*, the *Charge* " is good; but won't you put in freſh " *Priming* ?" He never forgave me! grew cooler and cooler, which I could not bear, ſo we parted, and I can gueſs no other Reaſon. I try'd many others. — An old maiden Lady and I (whoſe Brother had been a great Mathematical

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cal Inſtrument Maker, and ſhe continued the Buſineſs, which I thought a lucky Hit for me, was it only to examine the Apparatus) divided, becauſe her Cats were *unmaided*, as ſhe ſaid, (with her Lips clos'd like the Neck of a dry Bladder) thro' a naſty, poiſon, odious Cat I had let into the Houſe by my Careleſsneſs, if not Deſign.

My few Things which I demanded at *Shafteſbury* when I laſt went there, by a Note left there with *Kilderkin* at the *Billet*, being arrived, I turned them into Money, and having little Occaſion, as I ſhall ſhew hereafter, for any Thing but Pocket-Money, I was reſolved to have my Hours to myſelf--- Study, and live independant! When my Money is gone, and I touch the Canvaſs of the Bag, I can get Places, or inliſt; — at preſent I'll be happy. — What ſays *Pope?*

The ſtarving Chymiſt, 'midſt his golden Views,
Supremely bleſt, — the Poet in his Muſe.

Now I'm a Gentleman at large again.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XI.

BATES, as he ſaid, wanted little but Pocket-Money: He viſited, after hard Hours of Study, the Daughters of Paſtry Cooks, eating Houſes, &c. and was ſo amiable as always to be invited into the back Room ---- where, as ſoon as he heard the Cue, "*Juſt draw the Cur-*"*tain, noble Captain,*" (for he was a Gentleman now) he was ſure ſome Thing good was *aſcending* from the Kitchin. It was the Caſe. And old *Flower-Face*, who in the 'fore Part of the Shop one Minute was wrangling about the Price of ſtale Pies, to itinerant Paſtry-folks, would now ſtep backwards and *twirl* a Ladle as well as his Betters. A Deſert of the very beſt was always at Hand; and Miſs, for the Sake of a Song, the *German* Flute, or a marvellous Sto-

ry,

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ry, would add a Diſh of Tea from her own *Pekin* Cheſt, given by a dear Mate of an *India-man*. *Bates* has condeſcended to know a good Houſe-keeper in a Nobleman's Family; who, baiting their Inſolence and ill Uſage of Inferiors (in your *Hearing* always,) are convenient Acquaintance enough. A Milliner made and repaired his Shirts. Mrs. *Beaver*, the Hatter's Widow, gave him a Hat, now and then, ſaying, " You'll defend us, " noble Captain! and valiant Com- " mander! particularly if the *French* " *Papiſhes* make an *Evaſion* here." —— But, when he moſt piqued himſelf on his Oeconomy, he joined Converſe with a *North Briton*, on a Seat in the Park, who endeavour'd to convince *Bates* that he was an extravagant Fellow; and that if he would allot one Day to walk with him he would ſhew him the Town, and would prove it. " Do you make me " believe, ſays *Gordon* (which was his " Name) that theſe Paſtry Cooks' " Daughters don't make you take them " to Plays, or ſome of the fiddling " Gardens

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" Gardens about *London?*" The Day was appointed, and they *marched*. *Bates*'s Sleeve ſoon gave him to underſtand that he had paſs'd a Barber's Boy. " Hang him, ſays *Bates*, let's ſtep home " and get bruſh'd." For they had not walk'd far. " No; ſays *Gordon*, I'll " ſhew you what I mean, by this lit- " tle Inſtance: You may live in *Lon-* " *don*, *Gratis*." Upon this he croſſes the Way, to a Shop where various Bruſhes exhibited themſelves, and, taking up one, ſaid, " Don't you ſee, " now --- 'tis exactly as I ſaid. The " Hair is too *elaſtic*; they never clean " the Coat, --- but buy it, if you like " it." --- On hearing the Word *buy*, the Maſter bolted from his back Room, and ſwearing that his Bruſhes were made by the beſt Workmen in *London*, ſaid, " Sir, You have ſome Powder on your " Sleeve, give me Leave," --- and bruſhed him. *Gordon* making believe he ſaw ſome Body he knew, ſlip'd away, and *Bates*, o'courſe, followed. When *Gordon* ſaid, " You ſee, it coſt Nothing.

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" — Do you find yourself dry? sink in-
" to a Cyder-Cellar. — Don't Com-
" mend too soon, at first, and he'll for
" his own Sake give you many Sam-
" ples: Sputter out the first two or
" three Tastes, and you may drink
" afterwards *unobserved*. There are
" some who will call for a Relisher,
" and bring a Bottle of the best. In
" cold Weather ev'ry Distiller's can
" give you a Dram. — Cheapen and
" the Rascals bite at *once*. Hopes of
" Profit will do what Good-nature can-
" not. We have a Language among
" ourselves too, which I'll teach you
" one of these Days. — Now, for In-
" stance, to *hook* a Breakfast. — Go a-
" bout that Time of the Day to any
" Tradesman's, (but well dress'd tho',
" or you may *hook* in vain, for Dress
" governs all) and wherever you descry
" the octogon Table in the back Shop
" set out with proper Ornaments, Py-
" ramids of Toast and a smoaking Tea-
" kettle, stay and cheapen Goods (you
" need never buy) with the old Fellow

" 'till

" 'till he (you'll know it by hearing
" the Pipes of his Stomach) grows im-
" patient for his Corn; then, fearing
" he may loſe you as a Cuſtomer, he
" takes you in his Hand, and lo! your
" Buſineſs is done; the Reſt lies on
" yourſelf. — Commend the China,
" have the Patience to hear Miſs ſing,
" or play *Belſize* Minuet on the Harpſi-
" chord (with every other String broke,
" and mended with Whip-cord) or
" dance in the back Yard, for Want of
" a large Room, and, perhaps, you
" may ſtay Dinner. I have often known
" it happen ſo. Tradeſmen's Wives
" generally Rule. If ſhe aſks that's
" enough. — Mind not his acid Looks.
" But never practiſe this twice in the
" ſame Street; for tho' the Maſters hate
" one another, there is generally a
" Communication among their idle and
" impudent Apprentices, and that will
" ſpoil all. For the Apprentice, tho'
" he may hate his Maſter, hates a Gen-
" tleman worſe (that is a Man not in
" ſome Trade;) and he will tell it,

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" not to pleaſe him ſo much as to miſ-
" chieve *you*. *Angling for a Guinea* is
" too tedious a Story and muſt be put
" in Writing. --- I'll do it for you at
" my Leiſure. ---- Uſe them as they
" would uſe you. A Cheeſemonger is no
" *bad* Subject to operate on. You have
" a Right to aſk for a Cruſt of Bread,
" and ſo forth." *Bates* had too much Spirit to admire this Plan of Operations, and ſo, pleading unexpected Buſineſs, they parted. But *Gordon*, at a Diſtance, could not help (being upper-moſt in his Thoughts) crying out *Don't forget the Cyder Cellar and the Cheeſemonger's.*

CHAP.

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CHAP. XII.

BATES knowing that any Spring which is not ſupplied muſt one Time or other be dry, began to think, that though the Day might be far off at the cheap Rate he lived, yet there *would* be Time to end his Purſe, as he was not in the Way of repleniſhing it; and ſo takes it in his Head to turn *Author*. His Genius for Poetry was admirable. 'Tis very unuſual for Men of abſtract Studies ever to give Way to Fancy, yet ſo it was they united in *Bates*. He offer'd two different Performances to a Bookſeller, who highly commended them, expecting *Bates* as a Yonker meant them *Gratis*, but being undeceived, ſaid, as to the firſt which was Algebraical there was little Demand for ſuch Things, — but few Readers in that Way — not a general Study — and as to the latter, he fear-

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ed he ſhould loſe by it, if he printed it himſelf, and that he, Mr. *Title-page*, had done with thoſe Things; " having ſuffer'd, ſays he, in regard to young Authors, more than ever he would be willing to do again:" — Had a Regard for Men of Genius — wiſh'd he was a *Mæcenas* in Wealth, as he was in Inclination. " But, ſays he, Fame is your Purſuit, " as it brings you *tête à tête* with the " Great: — I'll put it into my Maga- " zine, or I'll publiſh it for you on " your own Account. 'Tis a bad " Trade to live by, and hope you are " better adviſed and provided, — But, " — and then whiſper'd. * * * * " * * * * * * * * * If you are " diſtreſs'd in *London* and will tranſlate " I'll pay you on the Nail, and then " you'll be on my Liſt. I have now a " Vacancy by (what we call) the *ſudden* " Death of a poor *Iriſh* Gentleman, " who would not live though he might. " — 'Tis no Secret as 'tis in the Seſſions " Paper. — The Room behind my " Yard is quite private — I have near

" 30

" 30 on my Liſt. There is at any Hour
" of the Day ſomething, and a Knife
" at Hand: --- To Day --- *Monday* ---
" Ay! To-day 'tis cold Suet-pudding
" with Plumbs (being *Eaſter* Holidays)
" To-morrow, Firmitty; I have horn
" or wooden Spoons, (which you like
" beſt, Choice is a great Matter, you
" know) --- for I loſt a Silver one once.
" The other Days always ſomething ſo-
" lid and heartning. Then there's a Pen
" and Ink and Paper at Hand. I have
" Phyſicians, Surgeons, and young A-
" pothecaries, on my Liſt, ſo *Illneſs* is
" included. Who will know where
" you din'd? 'Tis eaſy to invent a
" Place and a Lord's Name. Many a
" young Phyſician has banquetted there
" that now drives by my Door and
" tries to ſplaſh me and my Windows.
" But I have done my Part, you know.
" Shall I put you down? The Return
" I expect is only this, a *Simile* --- an
" Epigram for the public Paper I am
" concerned in, or a Paragraph rather
" leaning to the Miniſtry than not,

 " though

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" though my Paper has the Name of " impartial."

Bates ſmiled at the Fate of Authors in general; but, like moſt Authors, thought his Fortune would be particular from the Reſt and gave him his Poem, or rather Ballad, to print, on his own Account, Price 6*d*. It was accordingly printed.

And how agreeably ſurpriz'd,
Are you to ſee it advertiz'd?

Says the *Dean* — and what follows?

The Hawker ſhews you one in print,
As freſh as Farthings from the Mint.

Bates ſaw it frequently lying at Pamphlet and Bookſellers Shops, and often called for. " Well! ſays he — I " won't ſettle yet with my Publiſher. " Let it thicken a little — let it ga- " ther." Upon this he beſpoke new Cloaths. 'Twas well *Bates* had a Reſerve of another Kind, for, Lo! at ſet-

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ſettling, the Bookſeller, for Advertiſements, printing and Paper, brought poor *Bates* in Debt two Guineas. But told him, there were many Copies left. " Shall I ſend them home? We clear " our Shops as ſoon as poſſible. They " ſhould not be expos'd too long, it " makes them cheap, by keeping them " ſnug you may have a Guinea perhaps for a ſingle Copy, when they " ſeem out of Print. I hope you'll be " better off another Time. You are " on my Liſt." " Pray, ſays *Bates*, " and with a Deſign which will appear " anon, what is that *Chalk-ſcore* on " the Wainſcot? Milk, for the Gentlemen?" " No, no, Sir, Money " in Advance to Authors on the Spot. " I can't book ſuch Trifles — thoſe " are Shillings, thoſe Six-pences." *Bates* ſeeing his Back turned, to go down Stairs, now firſt began his Revenge, and with a wet Finger rub'd out ſome Trifles, knowing the Marks, to the Emolument of Authors unknown to him, and therefore the Favour more ſweet. —

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Title-Page returns --- and resuming the old Discourse--- " that Nobody had bet-
" ter pump Water or more of it; that
" from the Day an Author made him a
" good Title-Page to a bad Book, he
" drank good 6 Shilling Beer all that
" Week." *Bates* took his Leave and and a Receipt --- and the first Time he ever lost his Temper was now --- for he said, " you are a Shop-lifter, not a
" Shop-keeper, drinking Claret at your
" Country-house out of the Back-part
" of Author's Skulls. Catch me if
" you can again. You'll find Custo-
" mers enough for your Ordinary." And then privately recollecting that he knew a Man with a huge Stomach, thought it better to punish him a second Time that Way, than abuse him. He accordingly sent him, a *Highlander* born, (now a Rector in *Surrey*, obtained by betraying his Country's and his Friends most intimate Secrets. Thus, when the Doors and common Avenues to Preferment are clos'd, some scale the Walls — often succeed — and sometimes break their

their Neck in the Attempt.) But the Conſequence ſoon was, the Pudding is ever ſince giv'n out in Slices, and the Firmitty in Earthen-pans (ſo like Chamber-pots, good Lord!) to the great, very great Diſappointment of *Bates*, who wiſh'd to plump his bony *Highlander* and others after him, and revenge himſelf on the Ruin of *Title-Page*.

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CHAP. XIII.

BATES, full of Fancy, was determin'd to know as much of Life as poſſible. He had often heard of Things which he was determin'd to ſee in Proof. "I "can, ſays he, when the Sinews are "ſlack always make a Lodgment ſome-"where. — I'll ſtudy Gunnery and "Fortification all the Morning, for "that I muſt and ſhall live by, but be "my own Governor all the Reſt of the "Day: But this no longer than I can "find a Maſter with thoſe Abilities and "that Knowledge I want. I hope it "won't be long! By being out in the "wide World I ſhall have a better "Chance. I have try'd the Regiſter's "Office to no Purpoſe. They have "had ſome Shillings of mine *for No-*"*thing*. But, I'll keep the Reſt for "bet-

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" better Uſes. I'll go to *Greenwich*,
" ſays *Bates*, and viſit the Obſervatory
" there. Dr. **** is benevolent to
" Strangers, I'm told, particularly to
" thoſe who lean to his own Studies:
" But, at leaſt I ſhall ſee the Place and
" the Country; — and the Humours
" of the People leading to it." A Study *Bates* now grew no leſs fond of than Mathematics. In *Grace-Church-ſtreet* he forc'd a Paſſage, as he call'd it, the Driver being abſent, into a Coach, which he could not Miſtake, having read the Name of the Place, in *Roman* Capitals, on the Door. The Cavalry form'd a Triangle, and in a little Time our Chain-braces gingled away as if going to ſet off ſoon. — We did, and with our Compliment of Six, beſides the Appendages of Children Twain, a Lap-dog and a Cat as a preſent from *Mundungus*, (the Tobacconiſt) a Paſſenger, to his Godſon: — There were two Reaſons for this famous Gift. — It coſt Nothing, and in the next Place the Harangues he was to make, and did make,

to

to us about *Whittington* and his Success from a Cat, were to vail the old Fellow's Avarice in not giving something better. "It was not, say he, for "fear of Expence that he carried him "Nothing better, but young Folks intended for Trade, should always have "Hints for Industry. And this Cat "will be a perpetual one as long as "the History of *Whittington* remains." A very little Way beyond *Kent-street*, *Mundungus*, who had secured the Coachman to stop and do as he pleas'd, just ask'd the Company "if they would give "him Leave to call half a Moment to "ask his Brother how he did, and to "foul a Morning Plate, (a strange Expression to *Bates*'s delicate Ears, who "thought he meant discharging rather "than repleniſhing, but it grew familiar to him by frequent Jaunts into "the City) for he wanted Refreshment." *Yes, yes.* And *Bates* undertook to prevail on the most Obstinate. The Brother had fin'd for Sheriff, --- was a Man of *Taste*, in that Part

of

of the World; his being close to the Road, the Flow'r-pots with gilded Handles, --- green Sticks with Silver Caps (to Shrubs long since wither'd) --- the Pavement to his front Door dotted Marble, wash'd ev'ry half Hour, Honey-suckles and their Attendants, Insects, round all the Windows. A Bell on the Top of the House, as deep as unhappy *Juliet*'s, to summons two Servants and a Half (the Footman as they stile him being but 11 Years old) to Dinner, if they should be out of call, the Garden being $\frac{1}{8}$ of an Acre, Birds dangling in golden Cages (because the Country never affords any.) Are not these Proofs *of Taste?* for they cost Money --- And can any Thing go beyond Gold? A King can ornament no higher. *Mundungus* got out with his Back to the Company (I see *Bates* smile) and tacking about invited the Company, who roughly refus'd; whisp'ring almost as loud as common Talk, that they had where withal to eat and drink at home, and not spunge on their Neighbours: ---

Be-

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Beſides, they had enough in their Pockets to laſt the Journey out, if not they could buy; and ſo ſate ſtill, as they thought it would be but a Minute; when, Oh! dreadful to relate, an Accident keeps them an Hour. It was the firſt Time *Mundungus* had ſeen the Country that Year, being, as they call it, a Man who minded the main Chance, and that only; he was ſtruck at ent'ring the Gate with the Sight of a noble Sunflow'r, and thinking the larger the Flow'r, the higher the Flavour, he fatally ſmell'd at it — I ſay fatally — for a Waſp, ſays *Bates*, who lay in the *Defilez* ſallied out and ſeizing his right Noſtril, the left by a Plug of Pig-tail affording no Entrance, ſet him a dancing, ſo that ev'ry one preſent, who, at the Diſtance they were, could not tell the Reaſon, were criticiſing on his nimble (though aukward) Capers, imagining it was for Joy of ſeeing his Brother. — Getting of proper Remedies delay'd them near an Hour, which created almoſt another Accident as bad, for a Green-Grocer's Wife in the Corner fainted

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fainted for want of Food. The Griſkin ſhe had bought, by a Hole in her Pocket, being not to be found, and having order'd Dinner preciſely at 12, and for that very Reaſon her laſt Breakfaſt was early about 10, whereas "now it would "be full one, ſays ſhe, before I can foul "my Plate." *Bates*, with Snuff and ſome Hartſhorn which he had about him (for he ſaid it provok'd thinking) endeavour'd to raiſe her, --- in vain! --- ſhe pointed to her Stomach, "Oh! "No --- 'Tis here, ye Dogs, ye Dogs! "(ſhe meant ye Gods)--'tis here." Now the Secret was known, when a diſcerning Friend who had often felt himſelf, kindly felt for her — *He* had prudently victualled for the Voyage, ſhort as it was, but in the Eye of Experience, as *Accidences* often happen, perhaps, a long one, as he wiſely ſaid, --- and then pulled out a Tongue, a Roll, and flat Bottle, and Mrs. *Broccoli*, by placing it near her quickeſt Senſe, revived at once; but aſk'd, if Nobody in the Coach had any Muſtard about them.

Upon

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Upon the anſwer, No, going round, ſhe ſaid, then they could not be Chriſtians: " Had you read the Chapter of the *Sa-* " *maritan* ever, you would had ev'ry " Thing about you." After being refreſh'd with two Thirds of a decent Neat's Tongue, ſhe return'd Thanks (not to Providence as good Children are taught, but) to the Perſon; ſaid he had ſav'd her Life, begg'd to know where he liv'd, that ſhe was bound to pray for him; when he told her he had the Honour to be the City Cook, and an Eſq; by Virtue of his Preferment, which was as much as to ſay, ev'ry Body knows me there. " My Name, indeed, is " *Stuffing*, though my Name is of little " or no Signification; all *London* knows " me by the Stile and Title of *City* " *Cook*." Elated, ſhe begg'd they might be better acquainted, and ſettle a Friendſhip for Life. We hear, ſince, they did, and as he was curious in his Roots and Greens, on the Principle of City Friendſhip, it is not unlikely. Madam *Brocoli*, the Reſt of the Journey,

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ney, for fear of a Return of her dang'rous Diſorder, now kept chewing behind her Handkerchief, like a Hackney-horſe at his Stand with a Bag ty'd to his Head, 'till the Coach ſtop'd at *Greenwich*, when iſſuing forth ſhe told her Man, who bolted out from the Boot, never to leave home again without a roaſted Line of Mutton in her Portmanteau and a quartern Loaf, --- " as you will anſwer " it at your Peril, you cruel hard-" hearted forgetful Dog." And then Mrs. *Broccoli*, dipping by Way of Curt-ſy, concluded with a moſt indelicate but faſhionable Proverb there — *ſcratch my Elbow, Mr.* City Cook, *Eſq; and I'll claw you know what, and you know where.* They ſoon arrived at the Inn, where *Bates* re-tir'd after frequent Invitations to foul a Plate, even from the *City Cook*, and Eſ-quire, who before they divided, ſaid, *that* was only one of his Titles, for he was a Common-Council Man beſides, and expected to be Deputy, " for my Neice " is married to the Alderman of the " Ward (I don't ſpeak it out of Often-" tation)

" tation) and o' Courſe he will not ſuf-
" fer the *Dignity* to go out of his Fa-
" mily." " Mr. *City Cook*, then, Eſq;
" Mr. *Common-Council Man*, and, I
" hope to ſay, *Deputy*, (aloud) I'm
" your obliged Servant:" --- Then to himſelf, he us'd *Hamlet*'s Words,

You, as your Buſineſs and Deſires ſhall
prompt you,
For ev'ry Man has Buſineſs and Deſires,
ſuch as they are,
And for my own poor Part ———

I'll to the Park. ———

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIV

BATES is arrived at the learned Master's of the Observatory, and little Thought of finding there a Colonel in the Guards very eager after the noble Sciences. He is of a *Durham* Family ---- the elder Brother a Baronet. --- Such Men as these, says *Bates*, (for he now found by a little Inquiry that this Officer came down daily, with a View of Improvement) should go Ambassadors abroad, and do Honour to the Country who sends them. But I suppose he wants a *Title*, or rather *Interest*, somewhere.

Bates, who had long'd for such a Master, made no Scruple of asking him "If he stood in Need of a Domestic?" then shewed his Credentials, and told his History. The Colonel, who thro' Life (assisted with a Fortune and Per-

son

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ſon to ſecure every Pleaſure which Nature offers) has often declared, no Joy was like that of rewarding Merit and doing good Offices, told *Bates* at once he would receive him as a Friend, but, as he was going a Journey to the North, ſhould not take him along with him, but leave him rather to get his Books and Apparatus in Order, againſt his Return; "and I fear, ſays he, good-naturedly, "you will find my *Penates* much de-"ranged."---- Nothing could happen more *a propos*; and the Colonel alſo knew Capt. *Merit* and his Virtues: — What a lucky Turn? They ſet off for *London*, after the proper Lectures were finiſhed, *Bates* going in the Chaiſe with him, and not loſing a Moment to improve himſelf and ſhew his own Abilities. *Bates*'s Obſervations how to attack or defend the City of *London*, as they drove by the different Avenues, help'd on the Minute-hand of Time, which otherwiſe, perhaps, by the frequent Stoppages and Vexations, would have gone heavily on; for no Gentleman can be pleaſed

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pleaſed to be interrupted by ev'ry Dray-man or Pig-driver, (which, as they approached *London*, was often the Caſe) and yet in a Country where all Free-dom is ſaid to be loſt, this at leaſt re-mains. — They arrive at the Colonel's Houſe. —— The few Days he remain-ed in Town were paſt much in enter-taining his brother Officers : —

But no more like my Colonel than I to Her-cules.

Bates, who ſtood behind his Maſter's Chair, and with a Smile was always whiſpered to for what was wanted, was often ſurprized to hear the Diſcourſe of Gentlemen ſo near the Fountain of all Honour and Rank in the Profeſſion, never ſpeaking any Thing that he could improve by. If Amours were not the Subject, which generally was the Caſe, it was what each Perſon's Commiſ-ſion coſt; whether it was cheap or dear, as the Market then was. --- And ſo on. — But *Bates* ſmiled one Day when

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when a Gentleman, too fond of Argument, ſaid to Capt. *Vacuum* (that was his odd Name) " I deny your Major." The Captain ſaid, " I wiſh I was Ma-" jor — am only *Lieutenant*, — but I " rank with any Captain of a *March-*" *ing* Regiment — *Horſe*, *Foot* or *Dra-*" *goons*, demme!" — Yet purchaſing ſeemed the chief Diſcourſe.

It much affected *Bates*, " for, ſays " he, whatever Tricks People may " play diſtant from a Court, in Hopes " of being concealed; here one ſhould " think every Man would be perſonally " known by mounting Guard daily at " a Palace, and that Merit muſt make " its Way. —— Diſtant, in Country " Quarters, no Wonder Miſ-repreſen-" tations happen. Well, Time will " ſhew! and am ſure my Good-natur-" ed Colonel will, at his beſt Leiſure, " explain any Thing and every Thing, " as well from his general Humanity, " as his Friendſhip for my all-worthy " Capt. *Merit:*" Whom he ſoon wrote to in my Favour; — and that he was happy

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happy in being ſecond to him in protecting an honeſt and *ingenious* Man, for ſo he was pleaſed to ſtile me.

One Day after paſſing thro' a Lecture of Experiments, wherein he condeſcended greatly in liſt'ning to my weak Arguments, he told me, he thought, in any Country but this, that I ſtood fair to be a great Officer, (then mentioned Names of ſome, now, very old Officers, who had roſe by Merit *only*). "Sure, "ſays he, it can't be always ſo! I'll do "all I can: You ſhall ſtay with me as "long as you will, in the Capacity "you are; but I can now ſecure you a "Life-guard-man's Poſt, which is much "about the ſame *Rank* you had before. "(The Word *Rank* made *Bates*'s Blood "thrill.) By this Means, you will ſee "the Nature of Horſe Diſcipline, be em-"ployed, live without Expence, and be "more in the Way of Preferment. You "may ſtill viſit me, and viſit me indepen-"dantly, which will be more pleaſing "to us both, at leaſt to me.—Theſe "Places are generally ſold, among

 "Friends,

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" Friends, for 50 or 60 *l.* but it ſhall " not coſt you a Farthing." " I thank " you, Sir, ſaid *Bates*, nor would I " accept it if it had, tho', perhaps, you, " yourſelf, would have laid the Money " down for me." " So far, ſays the " Colonel, you are clear; for 'tis a " Friend of mine pays me the Compli- " ment." " I will riſe by my Merit, " ſays *Bates*, yet; and have a Con- " tempt for all Purchaſers, but thoſe " who purchaſe by *ſpilling their Blood* " for their Country, or *good Behaviour* " in private Life at home." The Day arrives for the Colonel to depart, who, genteelly, gave *Bates* a Purſe of 20 Guineas, Letters to the Colonel of the Troop he was to ride in, and Orders to the Servants to let him have the Range of his Houſe whenever he came. ------ *Bates* is puzzled, ſometimes, to determine which of the two Officers, the Colonel, or the Captain in the Country, was the moſt amiable. — At laſt he joins them with a Line of *Milton*'s:

Ah!

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Ah! when meet, now, such Pairs, in Honour join'd?

The Colonel departs for the North. *Bates*, to the Troop.

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CHAP. XV.

BATES waited on his Colonel, and the Buſineſs was ſoon ſettled. He begged about ten Days Furlo, not to be Idle, like the Reſt, for, ever willing to ſurprize, as he did at *Shafteſbury* in learning his manual Exercife of *Bayonet*, by Moon-light, he went to a private Riding-houſe near *May-fair*, where he had often been before, unobſerved, to ſee a Gentleman ride there who is juſtly eſteemed the moſt Excellent of this Age, and ſeems, as *Shakeſpear ſays*,

—— *To grow unto his Saddle*, &c. ——

Though back'd with a vaſt Eſtate, great Family, and ſome Hereditary Honours, which his Anceſtors obtain'd, and he ſtill maintains with equal Virtue; this Per-

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Perſon was ſo eaſy of Acceſs, ſo liberal of his Inſtruction in the Science of Horſemanſhip, and ſo pleaſing in his Manner of beſtowing it, that *Bates* rode the firſt Day of joining his Troop equal to Mr. *Demy-Peak*, the *Pedant*, when there, who pretended, becauſe he was not taught by himſelf, that he had no *Seat*. *Bates* ſmiled at this Fellow, and, without his Aid, paſt a Review in leſs than a Month. The Park, and the Duty about the moſt Royal Family that ever fill'd a Throne, join'd to the fine Habit (for he owns ſome little Pleaſure there, having wore a plain brown Frock a good while) made *Bates* very Happy. The firſt Day he was *orderly* in the Guard-room at St. *James*'s, he could not help laughing aloud at the *Alms-Women*, as he ever after call'd the old Fellows there; who, becauſe they are allow'd to wear their Caps and be cover'd before the King, think they have a Right to be rude and inſolent to all the World beſides. *Bates* was reading a Book of *Algebra* there one Day, when

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it was ſoon whiſper'd by ſome of theſe Petticoat Driv'lers, " that the Army " would abſolutely come to nothing; " that they ſuppoſed the young Fellow " there, aſtride the *Form*, afraid, per- " haps, to ride any other Horſe, had " been a *Fortune-teller* in his Time, " by his Devil's Book, and having " pick'd up Money (by betraying young " Girls to Ruin, in telling them a For- " tune which he had Inſtructions from " their Lover to give in exactly as they " unwarily wiſh'd) now muſt be a Sol- " dier, forſooth, and a Life-guard-man " too! The ****'s Life is too precious " to be guarded by ſuch Fellows; --- " if he muſt be a Soldier, or (in other " Words) wear *Scarlet*, why did he not " conceal himſelf in the *Marines?* 'Egad " we ſhall ſmoak him out here; this is " not a Place for your Bites and your " Shamrokins, none but Gentlemen " ſhould be near the Court." And from that Day their Joy and Buſineſs was to run him down, --- compare Notes in what he talk'd, --- open his Letters, --- and

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and Croſs-examine any one that came after him if he was not in the Way. *Bates* ſmiled, and taking great Pains to find out the Merits of theſe his ſeveral boaſting Antagoniſts, he found the principal one to have been a noted Bruiſer on a public Stage; a Second was, on a Scrutiny, Part-owner, Joint-trader, and Tapſter to a Vinegar Shop: Another din'd People at Two-pence a Head in *Liver-lane*, Bread and Small-beer included; —— a Fourth was a Merchant of odd Shoes for Men or Women; —— the next, let out Wheel-barrows to Fruit-women, and Grindſtones to Knife-grinders, and at Times made Wooden-pegs for Shoes and Pan-tiles; a Sixth, turn'd Hats inſide-out, and ſold them for new ones; as alſo Silk-ſtockings freſh dipt, and as rotten as the Seller would wiſh them after he had touch'd the Caſh; becauſe, as he knew the Purchaſer would never come again to him, he hated the Trade ſo, that he was determin'd they ſhould never go to any one elſe: The next was a Brewer of

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Small-beer on a new Recipé without Hops or Malt; — an Eighth made Mops for the Palace, beſides keeping a Charcoal and Broom Warehouſe in *Kent-ſtreet*, and had the Aſſurance to hang up the Royal Arms at his Door. But this was of Service in the End, for he married a Widow there of 300 Pounds, beſides a Tankard and Gold Necklace, becauſe ſhe long'd to wed a Huſband who was about the King, which was having a Friend at Court, ſhe ſaid, as alſo by Way of Contraſt to her firſt Huſband, who, Oh! Shame! was a vile Shop-keeper. There was no End of theſe valiant Gentlemen. Another was Owner of a Troop of Aſſes, with their Poſtilions, to gather Kitchen-ſtuff from Street to Street, and fatted Pigs at *Paddington*. A Tenth, was a Pawn-broker of Coals; he took in *round* ones — but returned *Duſt*. He had a good private Trade, too, for Second-hand Coffins, 'till the late Act for giving *Murderers'* Bodies to the Surgeons *(Gratis)* put a Stop to it. And one more, the laſt I ſhall trouble you with,

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with, kept a ſmall Poulterer's and Fiſh-monger's Shop by Means of a lucky Situation not far from the Canal in the Park and the Waters Adjacent: Thanks to his Friends, the Centinels and thoſe idle Folks who are daily feeding the Ducks out of Oſtentation (or Policy, perhaps, like a certain General who threw away Bread to make the Enemy believe he had more within the Town, when it prov'd to be a *Scheme)* which makes them ſo tame, that by baiting a Hook with Bread, you may pouch as many as you will. *Quel garde du Corps au Roi!* " Ah! ſays *Bates*, how many " brave *Dorſetſhire* Fellows do I know, " who would watch as long as theſe " Fellows ſleep, which is 20 out of the " 24 Hours, and wade in Blood if Occa-" ſion called upon them, for one half " of what theſe Bullet-headed *Dormice* " Gain. But I ſee already the Truth of " what my dear Captain told me early, " tho' then I could not have believed it " — Advice without Experience, is " the bare Map of a Country before you

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" travel over it. He who paſſes there " muſt remember it beſt." While he made this ſhort Soliloquy, a *North Briton* of the ſame Corps came up and calling him aſide — whiſper'd —— " We " muſt all pay the Tribute, I was ſerv'd " juſt ſo, becauſe I was not born in " their ſmoaky City here; but I laugh'd, " as I hope you do. I know what " they want, and be hanged to them, " they would have you come down " with a hot Supper and a good Bowl " of Punch: But don't be ſuch a Fool." *Bates*, who had been too much us'd to Sincerity to ſuſpect a Fraud, thank'd him, and invited him to Supper in Return at his own Lodgings. *Sucker-Pump* obey'd, for that was his Name, and pretending to know many Secrets and Anecdotes of the Great, which *Bates* privately wanted to come at cheap and ſoon, to ſurprize as he did in Arms, *Sucker-Pump* diſcharg'd his own Lodging, and, to be nearer him, as he ſaid, liv'd with *Bates* near a Month at Bed and Board; ev'ry Day finding ſome freſh

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freſh Hiſtory of the Times for hungry *Bates*, as he, poor Man, did Mutton for his more hungry Gueſt; which Hiſtories he took Minutes of for fear of Miſtakes: When, after a Months good living and borrowing five Guineas, for which *Bates*, like a Soldier, would accept no Note, *Bates* found ev'ry Thing he ſaid a deviliſh Lie, — aſk'd him for his Money again, which *Sucker-Pump* not only denied, but even ſwore aloud he had lent him twice as much. So *Bates* turned him off, with this poor Conſolation; that he deſerv'd it richly for keeping Company with *Yeomen of the Guard*, and not Soldiers. — Wiſhing, ſometimes, his Godfathers had been Officers, and that his Chriſtian Name had been *Eugene*, *Saxe*, *Cumberland*, or any other great General.

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CHAP. XVI.

BATES, who 'till now had met with great Sincerity and good Fortune in his Acquaintance, whether it was that he breathed the Atmosphere of a Court, or that it was the Whim of Madam *Fortune* to be a little Giddy, he can't tell, but so it was, that, for some Months, 'till his Misfortune was clinched by *reducing* the Troop, he seem'd no Fondling of that sometimes forst'ring Goddess. The Colonel and Captain both, often told him, a Soldier should Intrigue as *high* as possible; that Ladies, particularly those of Quality, often had Fav'rites in Scarlet, when their Eyes were tir'd with the dull Colour of their Husband's Cloaths, merely to change *Ideas*: — That they had Pow'r to raise a Man when they favour'd him; at

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at leaſt, that they were liberal of their Huſband's hardly-earn'd Money, where they lik'd, and thoſe Things were convenient in ſuch a Place as *London*. This was new Doctrine to *Bates*, who had no Notion a Woman cou'd love any one but her Huſband, or how a Lady could have any Influence with a Miniſter while her Huſband lived, or that great Man had a Wife of his own, who certainly muſt have all her Lord and Maſter had to grant away. It puzzled awhile. Says *Bates*, " I think it rather " Mean. But I muſt riſe. — It ſeems " a fair Way! — I'll not Intrigue with " her *really*, tho' ſhe may think ſo. — " I have nobler Game in View." — But determined to get to the Bottom of this Secret, he took the proper Step, which was (out of Regimentals) to dreſs like a Gentleman, rather Prudent and Grave than Gaudy and Idle. " My " Days, ſays he, are long. I'll walk " with a Book, and if no Adventures " happen, I am ſtill improving myſelf. " My Colonel muſt know Life better " than myſelf --- He would not recom-

" mend

" mend any Thing to my Detriment.
" I'm ſure he would not. He is abſent,
" or I would take his exact Inſtructions.
" Well! 'tis but trying — I muſt have a
" Friend *in Pow'r*, even to mention my
" Merits, a Dutcheſs or Counteſs is no
" bad Thing. I like the Scheme."
Walking one Morning, early, in the ſhrubby Wood of *High-Park*, he ſaw a genteel Lady bending down, as he thought, to ſay an Ejaculation: A *Roman* Catholic, ſays he, under Penance, perhaps, —— 'tis an improper Time —— I fear: —— But obſerving cloſer, ſhe ſeem'd to drink ſomething from a Cup that glitter'd like Gold. A Prize, ſays *Bates*, --- he approaches; — and, on a nearer View, ſhe was, for want of a Cup, ſipping Water from the Spring there (and which I take this Opportunity of recommending to all my Friends after an Exceſs) out of her Snuff-box. Converſation ſoon enſued. *Bates* never was at a Loſs for Tags of Plays and Scraps of Poetry to help on a love Converſation; and ſo, many Hours paſt away.

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way. At departing, she drop'd her Handkerchief (having first giv'n *Bates* a Pencil-direction to meet her at another Place, and which Paper he carried open 'till he got to an Ink-horn at the Keeper's Lodge, least the Letters should rub out) on which was a Ducal Coronet. " Oh! *Betsey*, says he, I'll most " faithfully remember your Christning " Words: It was *to be silent and not* " *cruel to her who is kind to me*—Adieu! " Mathematics"

Omnia Vincit amor, & nos cedamus Amori!

Then (often admiring the fair Hand-writing as he walk'd) he began to think the Colonel's Words true, that *bare Merit might raise you, but it was a slow Way. A Lady at the Elbow of a great Man was a scaling Ladder.* *Bates* now runs home, discharges a Fifteen-penny Lodging, and takes one of half a Guinea a Week, which was no bad one now, being in the Autumn and the King

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King abroad, — that the Dutchess of — he did know what, might find him genteelly situated. — He did not affect great Things, least it should hinder the assisting him early with her Interest; and in the next Place, a Soldier should never be too well lodg'd; — it looks the *petit Maître*, a Character he ever departed from in Dress, Language, Gait, and ev'ry Thing. Well! a Second, a Third, and many Meetings were made Incog. And to make the Affair look more like a great Intrigue, whoever arriv'd first at the Place appointed, was, with a Bit of Chalk (which we both agreed to carry) to give a Mark and walk on. — There was something of Military Design in this, and I lik'd her the better for it. — Little Stratagems of Love often whet the Mind for greater in War. *Bates* often mov'd to have his own Apartment the Place of Rendezvous. — *No*; — *not yet*. *Bates* knowing that Trifles from inferior Persons to great Minds are very taking, made some Presents; a China Tooth-pick, an please your

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your Grace — not for it's Value or particular Beauty, but am a Soldier;

I freely give and freely would receive.

Bates, by the Dutcheſs's Delay in coming to ſee him, had vaſt Opportunities of improving his Lodgings with little Pictures, Flow'r-pots, Drawings, Buſts, Plaiſter Medallions, and his fav'rite *Shakeſpear*, *&c.* which he did. — He bought Corni-coppies, and Pappy Maſhy, for his Chimney (as it is ſpelt in the Receipt wrote by an *Alderman* of the City who deals in thoſe Things) and, in ſhort, did ev'ry Thing to receive his noble Gueſt. — When, Oh! horrible to relate! — *Bates* receiv'd a Note from the Dutcheſs, that ſhe was in *Bridewell*; that ſhe had often hired, at certain Shops, Trinkets with Ducal Coronets on them to get an honeſt Livelihood by, but it never anſwer'd; that on a Suſpicion of Theft ſhe was a Priſoner; — beg'd to ſee him, and hop'd he would guard againſt the Tricks of her Sex ever after;

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ter; which were ſo various that 'twas impoſſible to explain them without a Meeting.---*Bates*, an Enemy to Frauds, ſaid Nothing, only to himſelf;---gave the Bearer a Shilling, to ſubſiſt her a Day or two; but knew he could not bear the Sight of a Perſon who had once deceived him:--- So went into *Hyde-Park* for Air, but never look'd towards or taſted of the *Caſtalian Spring*, or *believed a Woman* afterwards; muttering to himſelf often,---as he paſt by in the ſame Latitude ———

What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman!

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVII.

BATES, by the King's being abroad, had much Leiſure, for Parties were but ſeldom — " 'twas *Cleopatra*, cries he, " ſoftned poor *Anthony*. I'll be too " hard for them; I'll ſtudy, and for- " get them." But, walking one Day in the *Bird-Cage*, he found Part of a Letter, concluding thus, " I will meet " you at the *Fortune-tellers* near **** " who ſhall, by his Skill in Mathe- " matics, ſettle the Affair." *Bates* wond'ring if the Study could ever be turn'd to that Uſe, one Day went; the Doctor was at home, and thinking *Bates* was a Cuſtomer, was going to play off his Part, when *Bates* told him, that he had ſome Skill in the Mathematics himſelf, and ſhould be glad to paſs an Hour to improve one another in the Science.

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Science. *Bates*, not imagining the Doctor was a Bite, and profeſt a Science, like his old Friend in the *Ordinance*, which he did not underſtand, took his Slate and ſet down half a Dozen Algebraical Queſtions; and, with a Smile of Deference, gave them to him. "Hang "it, ſays the Doctor, my Head is ſo "plagued with theſe Things ev'ry Day "that I had rather relax. Come! a "jolly Trooper, for *Bates* had told "him who he was, never refuſes a "Glaſs, we'll talk over a little Wine." "Done," ſays *Bates*, not thinking but Wine would throw out many Things, and ſo indeed it did; for he declared, that he never knew any Thing of Figures more than School Arithmetic. "But, ſays he, you do: Will you go "Partners? We ſhall ſhare good Pro- "fits. My Ignorance, I fear, will "ſoon betray me, I have been forc'd "to play deviliſh Cunning to hide my "want of Knowledge. — Your Skill "will help me greatly.—*Si populus vult "Decipi*, &c. You know the Reſt, no

"doubt,

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" doubt, Sir, — as the Army are all " *Scholars*. Come, t'other Bottle and " I'll tell you all. By your Means I " would publiſh ſome Mathematical " Book with my Name: This would " do *our* Buſineſs, I ſay our's --- for I " look on you, and love you, as my " own: They would ſay indeed he's no " Impoſtor, I ſaw a Book of his --- " and in Print to, --- ev'ry Thing in " Print is right." While they were thus talking, the Servant tap'd at the Door and cried, a Lady, Doctor, waits below. " Egad, ſays the Doctor, I'm " ſo *roſy* I'm aſham'd to go down. " Do, ſee how you like the Trade --- " make a Beginning." --- Come, ſays *Bates*, to himſelf, this is knowing the World. --- I will do as he ſays. --- On this the Doctor ſends his Compliments to the Lady unknown, that he was far from well by Exceſs of Study, but his Partner, a Man of more ſuperior Knowledge, would attend. The Anſwer was, ſhe was ready. Down goes *Bates*; and a blooming Cuſtomer he had of her.

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her. She immediately began — "the "Doctor has told you, I ſuppoſe, of "my being here before; — the Gen- "tleman will be with you To-morrow "dreſs'd in white: You are to be in- "form'd, he is an only Son, — that "a Lady, deſcribing me and the Dreſs "I now wear, for I will be exact, is "in Love with him, and can only make "him Happy. His Age about 24 — "has met with Ingratitude from a Bro- "ther — has buried a Siſter lately: "The Reſt you may invent as 'tis ge- "neral Diſappointment, — his Name "is *****, and Place of Abode is in "**** *Street*, four Doors from *Pic- "cadilly*." *Bates* ſaid little, but made as many Bows as ſhe did Courteſies, and, coming up Stairs, pleaded Buſineſs. — The Excuſe was allow'd. — Then cry- ing to himſelf, what a World we live in, immediately went to the young Gen- tleman — found him at home — told him the Affair — won his Friendſhip — and ſav'd the moſt promiſing Com- moner of this, or any other Nation from ab-

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abſolute Perdition. *Bates*, next Morning, ſent two Bottles of Wine to the Doctor, as a Return for what he had drank; and hopes, when he is no more, that both Sexes will remember the Plots (too often) laid againſt their Innocence. As the Doctor ſoon after quitted the Houſe, it was imagined, by *Bates*, that he, as he ever lov'd the military Stile, had *counter-mined* him and *blown* him up. There are *Conjurors* in *Politics*, (as well as Love) ſays *Bates*, — but Mum! ———

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVIII.

BATES, by a Tour of Duty to *Windſor*, *Hampton*, *Richmond*, &c. on Parties with the younger Royal Family, ſaw all the lovely Environs of *London*. He often ſmiled as he trotted by, to hear the Country Folks ſay, "what a Set of brave *fighting* Fellows they are, who can ſtand "before them? Oh! to think of the "Blood thoſe Swords have ſpilt! for all "they look ſo bright now." —— But wonder'd ſuch noble Palaces were forſaken, which was not formerly the Caſe, 'till a Friend told him the Reaſons in a Whiſper. —— He now began to reliſh Court Secrets much, and make himſelf Maſter of Things, ſo as that no future *Sucker-Pump* ſhould impoſe on him,

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him, who told him, among many other Lies, that the *Engliſh* would never bear Foreign Troops *even* in their Pay, that all the ***** united could never hinder a Militia being ſettled, that no Money ever was ſent abroad for Treaties, but, that we were ſo beloved the Pow'rs of *Europe* were Volunteers in ſtanding by us. That the reigning Family were not ſafe. But that Lie, ſays he, I ſoon contradicted by telling him there could not be a ſurer Proof of their being ſafe than having Guards about the Palace, who could not defend even themſelves, on Occaſion; whereas, if they were in Danger, they would certainly have brave *Dorſetſhire* Men. This proves their Security. —— In ſhort, I found him a Liar, and wiſh I had never known him. While *Bates* was moſt lamenting the Inactivity of a Horſe-guard's Life, and wiſhing he could obtain more buſy and dang'rous Employ, an Order iſſued for reducing two Troops out of the Four, of which that he was in luckily

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fell. He is much pleas'd. --- A ſolemn Review once a Quarter, ſitting Idle at *Whitehall* Gate, playing with a Bridle, killing Flies with a Broad-ſword, or trotting about from Town to Country Palaces were not the Things for *Bates*. --- Beſides, it hurt his Character, as they were not eſteemed (on Inquiry) a Corps of fighting Men, only of State and Grandeur. *Bates* long'd for Action: With Joy read of Volunteers entring Trenches, --- ſpiking up Cannon —— ſcaling Walls and gaining Laurels by a *forlorn* Hope. He often wiſh'd the *Roman* Scheme was on Foot to animate even private Men by Crowns of cheap, but honourable Stuff. --- "I declare, ſays "he, I had rather walk up the Mall "with a Crown of *Bay Leaves* (ſup- "poſing that to be the Badge of ſome "glorious Action) than have an idle "Troop of Horſe. --- I long for a "War; --- 'till there is I'll make freſh "Diſcoveries in Gunnery and Fortifi- "cation: Then who knows but I ſhall "wear

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" wear ſome Badge? I muſt --- My
" Services ſhall claim it, and there is
" no fear but I ſhall have what ſo ma-
" ny have had before me. I often meet,
" on the Benches in the Park, with
" old Officers who ſay they were rais'd
" from even private Men. — Had there
" been a War ſince, *no doubt* the ſame
" would have happened here again. —
" I'll never Deſpair. The Troop is
" broke. If there's a War, I'll be in
" the Infantry, and the Name of *Bates*
" ſhall never be forgot. There is to
" be ſome Caſh giv'n us at diſbanding:
" So much the better. I'll buy more
" Books and Inſtruments for the noble
" Science; but never will bribe even a
" Nobleman's Porter with bare Silver,
" to gain me Admittance: No, I'll be
" ſent for. — My Services ſhall reach
" the Ears of the beſt and moſt coura-
" gious of Princes. A Fig for his Un-
" der-ſtrappers; —— they can't blind
" him. —— He is too diſcerning and
" knows the Truth. —— Ah! *Bet-*
" *ſey*, I ſpeak in *Addiſon*'s Words —

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Amidſt the dreadful Shock of charging
Hoſts,
Then will I think on thee — Oh! lovely
Maid,
Then will I think on thee.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIX.

THE Colonel is now arrived from the North, and *Bates*, for awhile, reſumes his Poſt there.

At firſt Sight the Colonel ſmiled, and ſaid, "Pray give me my "new Title (you know I'm fond of "Feathers): I called at *Cambridge* in "my Way, and, at the grand Inſtalla-"tion, was made a Doctor of Laws. "'Tis a Dream to me, for I never read "a Page in my Life." Says *Bates*, "to "a Man of a ſpeculative and obſerv-"ing Turn of Mind, like your Ho-"nour, there muſt have been high "Food for you." — "High enough, "ſays the Colonel: But the higheſt "Character was the Organiſt there; "who, to look fine, wore a Suit of "Velvet, on a Day I could ſcarce bear "my ſilk Coat there with a Holland "Waiſtcoat, Ha, ha, ha! — He had

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" it for the Time, I ſuppoſe, and was " determined (as Sailors do with hack- " ney Horſes) to have his Penny-worth. " The Simpleton, like me, got an idle " Degree given him, which, I hear, " he looks upon as Peerage. — *Honores* " *mutant mores.* — And I wiſh I don't " grow proud too. If you ſee me alter, " correct me."

Bates now again, by the Colonel's Favour, learn'd the fineſt Behaviour, the *French* Language, practis'd Feneing, riding the managed Horſe, ſome *Italian*, and kept up his Studies of the Mathematics. What a glorious Life? The Colonel, every Day, increaſed in Kindneſs, *Bates*, in Gratitude. — At Hours of Relaxation, Books of foreign Wars relieved the Mind, after ſuch cloſe Attention as they both gave to the abſtruſe Sciencies.

Bates, who moſt affectionately lov'd his native Country, was often propoſing Plans to the Colonel, at Interval's from Study, for protecting our Colonies and Commerce abroad; which were

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were ſuch plain and eaſy ones, that the Colonel declared he would always contrive they ſhould be laid before the *proper* People, with the real Author of them, for that he would claim no Merit in it at all. — I do firmly believe he did ſo. — Yet, what is odd, no Inquiry was ever made, or Notice taken, of the Inventor. He propoſed a Plan for a *national Militia* (allowing a *decent* Army beſides.) — No Anſwer. — Another, by Algebra, proved to raiſe twice the Money without the Subject's knowing or *feeling* it. — No Anſwer. — A Third, to clear the Debt of the Nation, in a few Years, by cultivating waſte Lands, planting Timber, encouraging Manufactures, *&c. &c. &c. &c.* — Silent again! — Another to humble our proud and inveterate Enemy at an eaſy Rate, by perpetual flying Squadrons; never being at Peace, taking off Duties from Trade, ſo as to underſell them, *&c. &c.* — Deaf again! — A Fifth, to make all Poſts about the **** ſo honourable as to be held by proper Perſons without Salary, and thank ye in the

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Bargain, as in *France*. — There was ſome Inquiry made about this, and had not the Author been conceal'd, Woe be to him — but the Colonel was faithful. And, among twenty others, a Scheme to make *Britain* the moſt formidable, rich, reſpectable, upright, noble, and deſirable Country in the World. — Rejected, with the ſad Addition of being ſtiled a *Mad-man*, and one who dealed in *Impoſſibilities*. — But *Bates* ſtill went on with his Figures, mad as they called him, — and, obſtinately, cry'd, in Oppoſition to Mr. *Merit*'s "there was a "Time," "*There will be a Time*. — "But when? Why, ſays *Bates*, (to "himſelf, but not a Soul heard, as he "thought) when *Placemen* are aboliſh-"ed; all *Penſioners* that can't give a "public Reaſon why they obtained it, "ſtruck off the Liſt; half a Score Ad-"mirals and general Officers baniſhed "at leaſt, or degraded; all thoſe *in-"truſted with public Money* made as ho-"neſt as two Merchants with the Bal-"lance produced, *remains*, ſo much;

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" no Peerage granted, 'till the Voice
" of a Kingdom cries, *Give it him* —
" *Give it him — He deſerves that, and*
" *more.* Liberty of the Preſs allowed,
" where the Writer can prove his Facts,
" on Pain of Baniſhment at leaſt, if
" *otherwiſe*; by which Means Truth
" may be *diſpers'd* beyond the round Ta-
" ble and the Bottle, and, by Degrees,
" reach the Ears of ***. In the mid'ſt
of all this the Colonel ſteps in, and, with
his uſual Smile, ſays, " *Good Morrow*
" to you: How do you mean, Sir?" —
" With Submiſſion," ſays *Bates*. " Why,
" have you not been *dreaming?* ſays
" the Colonel. But I'll join with you
" ſleeping or waking, that **** think
" of No-body but themſelves. --- They
" buy in as publicly as we; and, there-
" fore, will have Intereſt for their Mo-
" ney. --- They ſerve their *** as fine
" Ladies do their Children --- go thro'
" much Travail to have them, and
" then leave them to be nurſed by *Stran-*
" *gers*; ſeldom or ever ſetting Eyes
" upon them again for ſeven Years. ---

" But let us change the Story, — read
" me a Book of *Livy* or the *Commen-*
" *taries*; and let us see what they *were*
" and we *ought to be*." " Sir, says
" *Bates*, I have now only *Voltaire* a-
" bout me. — But tho' they are our
" profest Enemies, and I hope to lend
" a Hand in humbling them, yet I ho-
" nour their Notions of Glory, Disin-
" tereſtedneſs, Contempt of Riches,
" Slight of Danger — but I'll read the
" Original to you." — Agreed. —

CHAP.

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CHAP. XX.

BATES grew ev'ry Day more and more in the Colonel's Favour.—No Time was loſt. While Monſieur *Pinceau* was frizzing his Hair, *Bates* read Hiſtory to him. One Day, being alone, *Bates* pulled out a *M. S.* and ſaid, "if your "Honour is at Leiſure, and think you "ſhall ſtill be ſo for two Hours, I want "to ſhew you a Performance of mine." The Colonel, in an Inſtant, rung his Bell, and told his Servant he was at home to no one, not even *Nancy*. Down they ſate on the Sopha, and two Hours paſt away on Downy Wings, for neither could tell how.—"Well, ſays the Colonel, "what will you do with this? "You'll not print it, ſure. By *Jupiter*, I "ſhall have a Journey twice a Day to "ſee you in the *Fleet* or *King's-Bench*.

"'Tis

" 'Tis well wrote —— and I believe " would bring you Money enough.— " If you were Independant I would " not blame you: But, as you are, do " not venture." The Colonel, being obliged to leave *London* for a few Days, left *Bates* in a Million of Reveries, says he, " I have heard, but that is using " my dear Captain's own Words, I " have heard, indeed, *there was a Time* " — when a *** would be glad to se- " cure a Genius (if I am one) who, ra- " ther than this should spread (which a " Love of Scandal and private History " generally occasions among the Disap- " pointed, and they seem to be the greater " number,) would let a Man in Pow'r " see the Copy that he may know there " is such a Writer before it is too late. " 'Egad I'll try it." — He did so. And this laid heavy at his Heart on his Death-bed, because it was the only Thing he did not advise with his Colonel in. — He transcribes and sends it ——— Lets them know that he had no Gall but what a little Ambition created in him. —

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An Anſwer is ſent --- a Meeting propoſed. --- *Bates*, eager to ſhew his other Abilities here, in a blind Hour, left ſeveral of his Plans of Operations, for Sieges, Politics, *&c.* not one of which but paſt the niceſt Scrutiny and Approbation. " Well! ſays he, Co-" lonel and my dear Captain, I have " theſe People in my Power --- they " can never deſert me, becauſe I can " tell the *Secret* of our Intimacy." --- Heav'n forgive me for all this Arrogance --- Oh! had I follow'd my Friend's Advice! After ſome Years ſtuffing me with Promiſes, ſuch as I think would have gulled my Betters, I took Leave of them, having fed for three Years of the *Cameleon's Diſh*, *Promiſe-crammed*, *&c.* only requeſting my Papers again, and I would never trouble them more. The Hint was then giv'n me, in Friendſhip as they ſaid, that all the Plans and Operations I had ſhewn, and Schemes I had propos'd, though very good in their Way, were not now wanted, as the Peace would laſt for ever. At leaſt,

leaſt, cries one, for *our ever*, that is, *our Lives*, and then, ſays he, what is *** to us? I could not bear to hear a Perſon who had obtain'd ſo much by his Country, treat it ſo baſely; and, plucking up a little Spirit, I told him, "that "only common Returns to ſuch a "brave People as *Britons* was ſtill the "Way to make them the greateſt Peo-"ple in the World: That they lov'd "their * * * *, tho' deſigning Para-"ſites, and fawning Time-ſervers told "him the contrary: That, oppreſt as "they were with Taxes and Duties, "they would only keep back the *odd* "*Shilling* from the Guinea, were they "ſure *the Reſt* would be well apply'd for "their ****, or their Country's Ser-"vice. But, ſays he, when Fleets "ſail to no Purpoſe, — when Intelli-"gence (in Spite of all thoſe Sums al-"low'd by a generous People for that "End) comes too late, — when Ge-"nerals are made, and Colonels (par-"ticularly a *French-Iriſh* bloated Fel-"low) who never ſaw even a Skirmiſh

"in

« in their Lives, — what can I think ?" — Then, losing all Temper, he roar'd as loud as *Othello*, for his Handkerchief, — *Give me my Papers! Give me my Papers! Give me my Papers! be honeſt, and give me my Papers!* On this he ſtole away — and, as *Shakeſpeare* ſays of the Ghoſt,

He parted like a guilty Thing, upon
A fearful Summons. ——

But *Bates* ſtill follow'd him, crying out in the ſame Key, then catching him faſt by a large Neckcloth which he wore, and twiſting it 'till he ſaw his Eyes pretty globular, the Priſoner pointed to his Book-caſe. —— *Bates*, thinking he might ſtill deceive him, lugged him along (throttled and growling like a half choak'd *Hyena*) towards the Place, and made him point to the very Packet. — *Bates* poucht them, and ſet off, expecting the Dogs, or ſome of his *leſs-faithful* Barkers, would ſoon be at his Heels, which was the Caſe, for a lean

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lean ſallow Secretary being ſent, (which *Bates* imagines was to teleſcope him home, as they call it, he never having oblig'd them with that Particular) *Bates* waited at a Corner, where Chairmen, Porters, and the dirty Part of the fair Sex, are often apt to contract themſelves, and ſit like Hares in a Form; and watching the Colour of his Cloaths, and his beſt Opportunity, threw him on his *Face*, rolled him three or four Times backwards and forwards, and then ſaid, "I always thought you a dirty Fellow, "— But, now, thank Heaven, I know "it. — Your Servant — Tell the Story "if you dare." — *Exit* Monſ. *Le Secretaire* grumbling, and vowing Revenge.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XXI.

WHO ſhould *Bates* meet one Day, in the Park, but his old Preceptor, the *North-Briton?* who, catching hold of *Bates*'s Hand, gripp'd it, lugg'd him to a Bench, and then, at once, begun in the old Strain: "Why, really, I ſave no ſmall "Trifle in paying my Waſher-woman "in *Franks*, Coffee-houſes coſt me, "abſolutely, nothing ---- one Frank "clears me for the Morning. I know "all the 16 --- and the 42, and if they "don't bleed free (as we ſay) I can "imitate all their Hands --- am prac-"tiſed in it. The Member muſt al-"ways complain firſt, you know ---- "and we *North Britons* are true to each "other. The Story of ſelling our "King, for a Groat, is a d---d Lie, "--- I can prove it." Still gripping him

him (for *Bates* disliked such Meanness.) *Bates* says (he knew the Fly that would do for the Hook) " Will you promise " to dine with me, To-morrow, if I " let you go now?" " I will, says " *Forbus* (that was his Name) if my " Lord **** will let me off." I war- " rant he will," says *Bates*. " Damn " you, says *Forbus*, if you think I am " not engaged to my Lord, go with me, " and you shall know of *Joany Monro*, " his *Butler*; who will give you a " Bottle at the Spring-head, with a " *certain* Health." " Oh! I don't " doubt of your Engagement with the " *Butler*, (glad to get away) and, " therefore, I hope to see you."

Bates now compared Notes; how different his Situation was, eating, perhaps, only a brown Biscuit on his Drum-head, and being obliged to flatter no one, compared to this poor Parasite, " Who, says he, must earn his Meat " by saying the Thing *that is not*. — " Well, I long for a Siege, great as " *London-derry* or *Prague*, that they " may

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" may ſee what I can do, and how " *abſtain* to purchaſe Honour." Unemployed as *Bates* was in military Duty, he ſtill maintained his martial Spirit, and when the *military Cheſt*, as he uſed to call it, was low, he would rather hang an Hour on the Cannon near the Parade, than *Hook a Dinner*, (as *Forbus* calls it) " If I am found here, " ſays he, I'm in Character; No-body " can ſuſpect my Situation, I ſeem em- " ployed, as if making ſome uſeful " Obſervations in Gunnery. --- And ſo " it would paſs." --- *Bates* often was rewarded for this great Heart of his, for curious Gentlemen (and ſome few ſuch there are) would aſk him Queſtions about the Study of Artillery; and, on proper Anſwers, invite him to their Houſes to paſs the Day. --- Says *Bates*, " This is not *hooking:* I deſerve it, I " ſuppoſe, or they would not have in- " vited me." And many a Guinea has come this Way without *Angling* or ever looking for a Bait.

But

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But the distant Sound of Drums from the City, one Morning, engaged his Attention, " even there, perhaps, I " may learn something, says he, tho' " I fear it." On Inquiry, the valiant Army of *London* was to be reviewed. I'll go, says *Bates:* He arrives: Dunghills are stormed: Prisoners ransomed: Mines sprung: Batteries raised; and dismounted — as soon: And Officers (if Valour consists in Lace or Fringe) the most brave and intrepid of the Universe. Says *Bates*, " tho' they know " little I would forgive *that*, as it is " not their daily Trade, (only comes " once a Year) but why will they affect " to know so much?" For now endeavouring to explain some Part of the manual Exercise to a most noble Lieutenant Colonel (Common Council Man of *Candle-wick* Ward, and *Dry Salter*) the fringed Hero, with contemptuous Eye, answers, " Mind your own Busi- " ness. The City, by their Charter, " are free from such *Warment* as you. " Go back from whence you came." Sir!

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Sir! ſays *Bates*. --- " Sir! replies the " Colonel, give me my Title! Have " I no Title? Aye, and as good a one " as any *Lobſter* about the Smoke of " the Palace. We can *defend* ourſelves " without any Courtier's Aſſiſtance (for " you ſeem by your fine Talk to come " thereabouts). We have as *brave an* " *Army* as any the Duke of *Marlbo-* " *rough* ever had under him (barring " Numbers;) 10,000 *fighting* Men, " upon Occaſion; headed, not by half " ſtarved beggarly Officers of the Court, " —No, no. —— There's a Colonel! " Where have you ſuch a one? He " weighs at leaſt a Plumb" —— Weighs ſays *Bates*. — " Aye, *ſolid Gold*." " Oh! " I miſtook," ſays *Bates*.

The Word of Command being ſoon to be given, the Colonel, who was very loudly whiſper'd by the Serjeant to ſay, *March* — Cries, " No, its *July* yet. — " Come, my Lads! — *Walk* — there's " Men for you, ſays the Colonel — I " thank Heav'n, I have not a *Soldier* in " my own Company, and I hope there " are

" are none among the reſt. — *Wheel* — And ſo they did, by catching hold of each others Arms, and at laſt making an *Iriſh* Ring. — " There's Men, ſays the Colonel" — When now, calling for his *Beaſt*, the better to ſurvey the whole crooked *Line*, (whether the Beer he had that Day drank, or whether the Beef he had ate to Breakfaſt, Dinner, and Afternoon-luncheon, or whether it was the natural Tendency of his Pate, but) on clamb'ring up the outſide of his *War-horſe*, he hung over his Saddle, with his Head downwards, like the Sign of the *Golden-Fleece* (for he was indeed all Gold.) Thrice he eſſay'd to raiſe himſelf, thrice he failed; when deſcending again (the better to accomp'iſh his Deſign) ſome valiant Serjeants, who ſaw his Diſtreſs with Concern, ran to his Aſſiſtance; and (over eager to ſave the Credit of the Regiment and their Colonel) they jointly put their Hands under his Crupper ſo violently, that he fell over the other Side of his Horſe, who luckily having been hard

hard work'd in a Colour-mill, (for he borrow'd him that Morning) ſtood quiet enough, or Mr. Colonel muſt have been the only dead Man that Day, except the many who were only dead drunk. *Bates*, now to be a little revenged (the ſecond Time he was ever cruel in all his Life, Mr. *Paradox*'s Scourging being the firſt) ſaid, "Noble Colonel, "You had rather fall ten Times, I be- "lieve *that* Way, than once *in Battle*." The Colonel, now in Wrath, orders a file of Muſqueteers to turn him out of the Field, as a dangerous and ſuſpected Perſon, --- Crying, "When we want "you, we'll ſend for you; we can de- "fend ourſelves by our Charter. --- *Bates* walkt ſolitary home, thinking how ridiculous it is to appear in any Character unfit for us; and concluded by ſaying, "All the Shame we feel "in Life is generally owing to our en- "deavouring to *paſs for* what we are "not." --- But this Colonel, ſaid he, had no Shame. ----- Perhaps his Face was too red to admit of it. Says *Bates*, "the

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" the original Design of this same Mi-
" litia was good, tho' now abus'd, like
" most things; for tho' I'm a Soldier,
" I do declare I hope to see a *national*
" one sometime or other; for I think
" it more likely that Men should de-
" fend *others* Property, who have a lit-
" tle of their *own*, than those who
" have nothing but *daily* Pay, some-
" times from *one* and sometimes from
" *another*."

Bates, after pond'ring on what he saw the Day before, (which occasioned strange Dreams, --- Such as taking a City, by firing Oranges out of wooden Guns, --- Throwing Corks from Apothecaries Mortars, at strong Citadels, and what not) said, " Thank Heav'n!
" I am not a Colonel of train'd Bands!
" When I read in the Papers that Sir
" *William* * * * and Sir *Thomas* * * *,
" had the red, the blue, or the orange
" Regiment given them, I foolishly
" thought they were indeed Officers,
" and the Men Soldiers." Mrs. *Broccoli* too came often in his Mind, for

scarce

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ſcarce an Officer appear'd the Day before who had not the Tip of a Neat's Tongue between his Lips, like a Cork in a Bottle; the Kunckle of a Leg of Lamb, or Web-foot of a Gooſe appearing thro' the Chaſm of his Pocket-flap; and Bottles, or Loaves, ſo protuberant, Right and Left, that it was impoſſible to cloſe the Files, for there was always a good Yard between them; and all for fear of being ſtarv'd on a March from *Bedlam* to the *Artillery Ground*. — The Government ſhould chooſe their Commiſſaries of Stores from theſe Men, and the Army would never be in want of any Thing. — Next Morning was an agreeable Change, — 'twas a Field-Day on the Parade, and the new Cloathing joined to the Dexterity of the Men, ſoon rubb'd out all Ideas of the paſt Day; and yet when ſo many Lines of brave Fellows ſtood up, he could not help ſaying, with *Tamerlane*:

Yet, yet a little! and deſtructive Slaughter
May wage around, and marr this beauteous Proſpect.

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Paſs but an Hour (which ſtands between the Lives
Of thouſands and Eternity) what change
May haſty Death make in their glitt'ring Plains.

" But, I'll not refine too nicely on " it, I am a Soldier, and am prouder of " that Name than any of the pompous " Titles that plagued me Yeſterday." *Bates* was ſorry often, during the Courſe of the Review, to ſee the Subalterns ſo publickly inſtructed by their Serjeants. Says he, " If I knew where theſe " Gentlemen lodg'd, I would privately " go and teach them, that they might " not be ſo expoſed.—— Pity, where ſo " many brave Non-commiſſion-Officers " are doing daily Duty, that all ſhould " paſs for Nothing." --- Here, (had any Friend been preſent) *Bates* would have whiſper'd, for ſays he, " Truth " is not to be ſpoke at all Times." *Bates* was alſo pleaſed to hear the Obſervations of Standers-by, as how that ev'ry luſty and carbuncled Soldier muſt be

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be a brave Man, " If that was the " Caſe, ſays *Bates*, laughing, I Yeſter- " day ſaw 1000 of the moſt valiant " Men upon this Earth." The Review, at an End, *Bates* (after walking many a-time the length of the Mall, and more than once encompaſſing the whole Park) ſat down at laſt, and joined Converſe with a thin antiquated Officer, as he thought, who, but that he ſpoke firſt, *Bates* ſaid he ſhould have imagined was expir'd, and fit to be laid out. Converſation began; --- and the old Perſon, whom we ſhall call *Paper Lungs*, began, " There's no Reward, --- A " Man may wear himſelf to the Stumps " and never be thought of; I was an Of- " ficer forty Years ago." " Ever in Bat- " tle, ſays *Bates*," Ay twenty; my Body " is a Cullander, a Sieve, but my Coun- " try may periſh for me; Boys ſet over " Men's Heads; if I recover, I'll go " where I am courted; I might have " had a Truncheon by this Time; but " a fooliſh Love for my Country has " ruined me; it never ſhall again."

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Bates, who believed this and twenty more Rhodomontade Stories, before he left him, gave him half a Crown; on which the old Gentleman, pretending till the Soldier, cry'd, " Well! the " Brave love one another; ev'ry Thing " runs to its Level; I wish you better " Success than I met with; I would " take this Trifle from no one but a " Soldier; they know each other's " Wants." 'Twas not long before *Bates* found that the Man was a Native of a paltry Island between *England* and *Hibernia*, much given to Lying and Fraud; and had never been any Thing, but a bad Hautboy to an Independant Company. " Be the Crime his, says *Bates*, " I took him, in spite of his Looks, " for a Soldier; and tho' not a brave " one, he might still have been ill used; the Brave and Deserving are not always the most unfortunate." *Bates* was sorry for the Imposition, because says he, " I past many a Man, I fear, afterwards, (between the Hours of 3 and 5 sitting on Benches in the " Park

" Park) who perhaps might really " want, and yet the Recollection of this " *Mank*'s Man put a Stop to all others; " thus, ſays he, it often happens; the " Good are puniſh'd for the Bad; the " Deſerver for the Undeſerver; I wiſh " I had never ſeen the lying Fellow; " and further wiſh, (to make his petty " Kingdom honeſt) that it was united " to either *England* or *Ireland*, for at " preſent 'tis a Scandal to both." *Bates* then pulled out of his Pocket a Pamphlet, juſt publiſh'd, on the Subject, by a Gentleman who means well, and had Facts, but wants the Bruſhes and Colours of Literature to ſet them off.

Bates was determin'd, having Leiſure, to pay a Viſit to *Greenwich* Hoſpital; " tho' I expect to be ridicul'd, for I will " not conceal my Cockade, I'll go ſays " he." The Tide ſerv'd, and he finds himſelf arriv'd. " What a magnificent " Building? Well, Ships are no doubt " uſeful Things, ſays *Bates*; but more " ſo I think formerly than now; till " our Neighbours, and very inveterate

 " Enemies,

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" Enemies, and every Power of *Europe*
" made ſtanding Armies a Faſhion, to
" be ſure Ships were ſufficient, but now
" we muſt be even with them. Boot-
" top to Boot-top, Bayonet to Bayonet;
" but, *Mum!* I fear that blue Jerkin
" Gentleman heard me." " I did, ſays
" *Clew-tackle*, for that was his Name,
" and wanted you to have gone on a
" little longer; can't you be content to
" ſee the moſt glorious Building in the
" known World; but you muſt come
" and find Fault with the Bulwark of
" the Kingdom, and us too; I ſee you
" are a Soldier; we ſhall never agree."
" Why not, ſays *Bates*, I reſpect ev'ry
" Servant of the King's." " You ſaid o-
" therwiſe juſt now, Friend; Ships five
" Minutes ago were uſeleſs Things; at
" leaſt more uſeful then, meaning in
" old Times, *nor* now; what could
" you do without us? where we have
" one we ought to have twenty; what
" *magnifies* it, you white Stocking
" Fellows, walking like Dancing Maſ-
" ters? I tell you, you are very well a-

" bout

" bout a Palace Gate for Shew, but if
" *England* (for I'll call it *Old England*
" ſtill, and not *Britain*; I hope you
" are not a *Scotſman*; but with all my
" Heart; *Clew-tackle* always ſpeaks his
" Mind; as I prime ſo I fire;) is ever
" ſav'd from Ruin, it muſt be by us;
" what's your *Chelſea* College compar'd
" to this Palace? that ſhews how we
" are reſpected; the * * * love us;
" you ſee every Year what Sums they
" chearfully grant for us; no Debate
" about it; all willing; when you
" come in Queſtion there's ſuch wrang-
" ling whether it ſhall be ſo many thou-
" ſand, more or leſs; *Wee*, Lord help
" you! No body grudges any Thing
" for us! then there's ſuch a Racket to
" get a Parcel of you together; mea-
" ſuring, and bribing, and cloathing,
" and the Lord knows what? The
" Moment we are wanted they have us;
" as many as they will; all willing;
" more refuſed than can be taken in;
" no preſſing or bribing by Liquor to
" *ſtrick* a Bargain; there's a 70 Gun

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" along-ſide of us; old *Bell-mettle* is
" Captain; not a Man on board; ſay
" but the Word, and in an Hour's Time
" he ſhall have his Complement; he'll
" fight; we love a Man that fights
" and puniſhes; where there is Pu-
" niſhment, there is chance of Re-
" ward; and we have no Complaints
" that Way; our Captains all fight.

Good Men and true,
In their Jerkins blue. —— Sings.

" I wiſh you had been a Sailor; I
" could almoſt love you too for your
" Patience and long-ſuffering; for I
" have Keel-hawl'd you and your Bre-
" thren a little." *Bates*, who had a Deſign ſtill to ſee *Woolwich* in his Way back, took leave, but did not as uſual give his Mite, having not quite forgot *Paper-lungs*, a lying Dog! And enquiring at the Public Houſe who this Mr. *Clew-tackle* was, they ſaid he was a drunken *Scotch* Sailor, of a Merchant-man, who hung about the Place here,

to

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to rob the poor Men of their Tobacco; get half a Bed on occaſion, Beer and Eatables; but that he would ſoon be whipt out of the Town. " What a " World we live in, ſays *Bates?* I now " don't wonder when I us'd to attend " the Great, that they always aſkt me " ſo for Letters from particular Gen- " tlemen; why, it muſt be to prevent " being impos'd on; a Tale is eaſily " told; Well, if ever I ſhould live to " be great, (which indeed I only live " for; for Life ſeems ſcarce worth hold- " ing under all theſe Diſadvantages) " and near the King, I would baniſh " all Impoſters to the Iſland of *Yell*, " one of the *Orkneys*, there to *howl* out " their grievous Lies or lying Griefs to " themſelves, and no body elſe to hear " them. The Iſland of *Yell*, 'faith I " pique myſelf on that; the Name im- " plies the intended Inhabitants well " enough; but I muſt away for *Wool-* " *wich*, I have an Experiment or two " to make there; and, as I know ſome " of the *Matroſſes*, no doubt they will

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" let me Practice them, and be glad (if " they ſucceed) to copy after me." *Bates* arrives at *Woolwich*, and ſoon making himſelf and his Buſineſs known to a few Friends, they lik'd the Scheme, but ſaid, without leave, they could not oblige him with Powder; " Oh! ſays " *Bates*, I have Powder about me, I " bought ſome on Purpoſe at *Green-* " *wich* juſt now." " *Why!* then, ſays an " honeſt Fellow, by Name *Cohorn*, you " can't hurt the Piece by a little firing." *Bates* now lugg'd out his Powder, and wiſh'd he could have brought Ball too; Oh! no matter, ſays *Cohorn*, Iron is cheap enough. *Bates* prepares, and at the firſt Exploſion an Officer, who had bought in, I believe, came up and enquired who he was? " Pleaſe your Honour, ſays *Cohorn*, " a young Lad, who loves Engineering " and Gunnery; has been in *France* on " Purpoſe to improve, and is come here " in pure good Nature to inſtruct us." " Damn him, ſays Captain *Bladder*, " (that was the Name of this bloated " Commander, and I ſhall never for-

" get

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" get him or his Name) 'tis a Scheme;
" ſome frenchified *Papiſh*, coming here
" to blow up the Magazine perhaps, —
" beſides I don't like your learning *new*
" Ways, — we are *ſkilled* enough; —
" no Country has more knowing People
" in our Way, — have we not near 500
" Bombardiers? half as many Miners?
" No, no, — ſend him packing, — I
" ſee into the Fellow, — he's a Bite, —
" follow the Way you are taught, ——
" 'tis an excellent one, — you can ne-
" ver find a better; —— we want no
" Inſtructions, —— bid him take up
" his Books of Pothooks and Hangers,
" --- we never uſe *Books*, --- all by the
" Head, which is more certain; ---
" there, uſe him well, ſays *Bladder*, ---
" but ſee him clear of the Town; ---
" I'll ſeal up his Books of Gunnery, as
" he impudently, or rather fooliſhly,
" calls them, and ſend them to the
" Council, --- I ſhall perhaps *advance*
" myſelf by it; --- he's a Spy, --- and
" writes in *Cypher*; --- the proper
" Officer ſhall have them, --- and I
" warrant

" warrant we'll find him out; — buy-
" ing Powder, to be ſure, is an excellent
" Blind! Why, we have not a Matroſs
" (much more an Officer) but would
" do as much." — Then, turning into his Guard Room, *Bates* ſaw him in leſs than half a Minute, aſleep in an eaſy Chair, ordering himſelf not to be waked, and that they would not *Practiſe* that Evening, by any means, for fear of diſturbing his Repoſe, which, to be ſure, he much wanted, for he roſe about Noon that Day, and had only walk'd to the Place where *Bates* was practiſing and back again.

Bates, in ſome Chagrin, retreated to *London*, and contented himſelf with what he called *dumb Practice*; which was his Pen, Ink and Paper; but wiſh'd one of theſe Days, that he might ſee Capt. *Bladder*, and half a Score more ſuch, called upon ſome curious Piece of Service, and No-body near at Hand to inſtruct them: That's all the Harm I wiſh Capt. *Bladder* and his bloated Aſſociates. — " Pride and Ignorance

" are

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" are first Cousins, if not nearer of Kin.
" ———Well! I'll do without them;
" Pen and Paper make no Noise: They
" would hinder me of *that* if they could,
" I suppose, but they shan't. — Who
" knows but I may live to be advised
" with in Preference to this empty Fel-
" low? whose Name, I think, is a suf-
" ficient Satire upon him: And so I'll
" add no more."

Bates, having amused himself with writing a political Pamphlet once more, again attacks a Bookseller. His Name was *Elzevir* (I'll try no more Secretaries of *****) not far from that Opening into *Covent Garden* which gives you the Portico Front of the most exact Building in *London*. The very Mention of a political Pamphlet occasioned a Whisper — and, subsequent to it, a back Room is shewn. — " Lord, Sir,
" (what ever your Name is) People
" think our Trade a most excellent
" one — it has been so, one of the *has-*
" *been's* — at present (among Friends)
" *Bawdy* and *Treason*, or at least some-
" thing

" thing very *Anti-ministerial*, is all that
" goes down. There is, Town, some *small*
" *Encouragement* for Books *against Re-*
" *ligion*, of late; but then the *Jury*
" should first present them properly,
" and the Justices of *Middlesex* back it
" well. Any Thing now (among
" Friends) burned by the common
" Hangman (if you can carry it so far)
" is ready Cash — Like an old Hay-
" stack — 'Tis a perfect Banker, you
" may draw and be answered. —— I
" know the World. — 'Tis *Three Pound*
" *Twelves* — full Weight — No sweat-
" ing or filing." —— But the Answer
at last was, " I can give no Money —
" I'll *halve* the *Profit* if you will: But
" I must be indemnified. A certain
" Brother of our's was cleared once in
" such an Affair, by being a free Citi-
" zen — Here we differ — Save me
" harmless and indemnified — I'll print
" it. — *We'll* go Snacks --- I'll keep a
" *regular Account*, on my *Honour* ----
" All shall be *fair* between us." *Bates*
said he would think of it: But he never

did

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did afterwards. The contracted Behaviour of Mr. *Elzevir* (who had not the Trade in him, for *Title-page* was full of Fun and could lay Hooks for Authors) set him against all Schemes of this Kind, ever afterwards.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XXII.

BATES then despairing of reaping any Thing from his Political Merit, determines to stick by his military Genius. He oft walks to *Woolwich*, notwithstanding his Rebuff, and returns at Night on foot, merely to gain Knowledge; — he made Trips to *Douay* in *Flanders*, (the great *French* Arsenal) *Mechlin*, that of the *Austrian Netherlands*, and could not be easy till he saw *Toulon* and *Brest*, where he made such excellent Drawings, as he has been told, of the *Port*, *Harbour*, *Batteries*, &c. that says he, " one of these Days " (for I'll never part with Papers again) " these shall be a little Fortune to me, " — no body has them but myself, — " and tho' the present Person in Pow'r " has no Attention to Things of this " Kind,

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" Kind, there may be a Change, and " the Succeſſor moſt probably will."— *Bates* was ſtill not ſuſpicious enough of Mankind, — being juſt himſelf, as *Oroonoko* ſays,

He was inclining to think others ſo.

But now the Time draws nigh for Action, — a War threatens, —— the Companies of the Guards are all filled up; and *Bates* aſks his Colonel what he muſt do? Says he, " you have juſt an- " ticipated my Buſineſs with you; an " intimate Friend of mine, in the ſame " Regiment, has a Corporal's Vacancy, " which in the Guards is allow'd to be " equal Rank with a Serjeant of a " marching Regiment, and he promi- " ſes, if you will juſt turn upon your " Heel, (for that is his common Expreſ- " ſion when he means to ſerve) that he " will advance you to an Halberd, " which, he expects, will ſoon be in " his Pow'r to give." *Bates* was over- joyed, and ſaid, " Colonel, I would " have

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" have follow'd your Advice, even to
" be only a private Man, becauſe I know
" you ſpeak from your Heart; pray let
" me ſee my Colonel as ſoon as poſſi-
" ble." " There is your Letter, ſays he,
" and Succeſs attend you." Away went *Bates*, found him at home, and much Chat enſued; the Hour treading on towards Dinner, the Colonel, (who for Diſtinction we'll call *Spontoon*, to prevent Miſtakes, the other all over *England*, I hope, being known by the bare Appellation of *The Colonel*, as there is no ſuch other living) ſaid, " am not well to-
" day; can you eat a ſick Dinner? I
" have Broth and there is Mutton" —— *Bates* look'd on all this as a lucky Omen; accordingly he ſtaid, and as the Bottle went about, (how different a Converſation from *the* Colonel!) ſays he,
" have not you a Family Vote in ***?
" I have, Sir, ſays *Bates*, and always
" have, and ever will, vote without Fa-
" vour or Affection for the Man who
" will love his Country, and *wear* her
" conſtantly at his Heart; you are the
" Man

" Man for me then, says *Spontoon*; the " Colonel you left will answer for me; " I have some distant Thoughts of the " Borough, and love to be in Time; " you are my Corporal; I'm told you " know your Exercise, so you may ap- " pear at once on the Parade to-mor- " row; I mount the *St. James's* Guard; " your Cloaths are ready; if the Men " grumble let me know." *Bates* took leave; try'd on his Regimentals; they fitted; and wanting to gather some little Necessaries for next Day, begg'd leave to retire; but hop'd his Honour did not mean his Favour as a *Return* for his promis'd Vote, for if that was the Case, he could not *accept* it; it look'd like a Bribe; and he was determin'd to rise by Military Merit only; *Spontoon* assured him no; and they parted; *Bates* catching himself every now and then in the Street, and saying, " I wish he " had let me offer it myself, I fear its " *Bribery*, I would have given it him " without this Favour;" then taking his Shoulder-knot in his Hand, being a

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new Thing, kept playing with it all thro' the Park, when ſitting down at the laſt Bench, he ſaw a young Clergyman doing the ſame with his Scarf; on which he preſumed (and rightly, as he found ſince) that he was juſt made a Nobleman's Chaplain, and as fond of the Feather as himſelf; what, ſays *Pope?*

Scarfs, Garters, Gowns, amuſe his riper Stage,
And Beads and Pray'r Books are the Toys of Age.
Pleas'd with this Trifle, now as that before,
Till, tir'd he Sleeeps! and Life's poor Play is o'er.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XXIII.

BATES was early on the Parade, and having an engaging Addreſs, ſoon made himſelf belov'd by his Company; their Jealouſy of his Appointment ſoon diſappear'd, when they ſaw he had *Merit*: Aye, ſays one! "If it was ſo always, no "body would grumble, but we have "ſometimes Blockheads ſet over us." They were charm'd with his manner of exerciſing them, and ſaid, "they "would mind all he bid them do, "which was more than they would for "any one elſe." The Colonel arrives, and introduces *Bates* to the Men; a Smile went round; "I ſcarce ever "felt more real Satisfaction; the Guard "was ſoon form'd, and the Muſic, "which I march'd very near, gave me "freſh Spirits; the Trees in full Leaf,

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" the occaſional glitt'ring of the Water
" near the Verdure, the Sun ſhine
" above, the freſh Ground below, (juſt
" after a ſoft Rain) ſtill convince me it
" was the happieſt Day I ever knew; I
" now firſt ſaw the **, and when I
" ſaw ſo benevolent a Countenance, and
" ſo Soldier-like a Figure, I was amaz'd
" he was ever ill ſerv'd by any body;
" but the Reaſons were often given me
" in my many Walks in the Park, and
" I gueſt them pretty well before; the
" Day's Guard paſt off well! and I
" had ſome little Pleaſure over my Com-
" rades at the *Tower*, the *Tilt*, *Savoy*,
" *Somerſet-houſe*, and ſo on, to think
" that I was one of them, who in Caſe
" of any Accident that Day, ſhould
" have merited the Royal Favour, for I
" was determin'd to die or Conquer, in
" Caſe of any Riot, when none hap-
" pen'd; I now found the Advantage
" of having practis'd myſelf to lie hard,
" for we lay like Mackrel in a Fiſh-
" monger's Shop; I had the ſame
" Pleaſure in marching back next
" Morning,

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" Morning, and had the Vanity to
" think that many Perſons, who ſtood
" by the Mall-ſide, knew my Merits
" and the Honour I had obtained by
" them; there were Ladies who ſtopt,
" and ſtood ſtill as I paſt; but I ſoon
" found it was uſual when the Muſic
" played: We are too apt in Youth to
" attribute ev'ry Thing to ourſelves;
" and, I believe, it right in the Diſpoſi-
" tions of Nature, becauſe without Va-
" nity there would be no Emulation,
" and Youth is the Hour for one as
" well as the other; well, we are a-
" gain on the Parade, having been re-
" liev'd; March is the Word; the
" Ranks are broke, and ev'ry Man
" thinks of his Home; the Muſic bag
" up their Whiſtles, and talk of a Num-
" ber of Scholars, to ſave going to a
" Coffee-houſe, when they are aſk'd;
" and the Park is clear of Morning-
" gazers; to make Way for the Gueſts
" of the Noon;" but *Bates* had other Buſineſs, — as rough as he lay in the Night he did not want freſh Sleep, and imme-

immediately he ſet off for the *Bird-cage* to practiſe and inſtruct the *Recruits*, tho' not his own proper Buſineſs — ſuch was his love for Arms! A brother Corporal (whoſe Name was *Double Dapper*, and who *more* dearly lov'd the Bench of an Ale-houſe Door, than being *Uſher* to young Recruits) very willingly reſign'd his Poſt to *Bates*. *Bates* (who knew human Nature too well not to know that ſome Rewards ſhould be mix'd with Inſtruction) ſent a Man for a Yard or two of *Pig-tail*, from his own private Purſe, and diſtributed to his Scholars, according to their Merits; "ſo would "I do as I would be done by, ſays "*Bates*;" the Whiſper immediately went round that his Name was *Yates* (a ſmall Miſtake) and made a Corporal from his *Merits*; *Bates* heard this, and 'twas what he preferred to Money, Banquets, or even Ladies; thus *Bates* paſt his Time when detach'd from Duty or Study; ſo that ev'ry body preſent gave it round, that he ought to be made a Serjeant, and that he would when the

** knew

** knew it, who *loves* a Soldier, and would always prefer them of himſelf if he was not ***, but no matter; to riſe by Merit was all *Bates*'s Scheme; and when Strangers concurred that he deſerved a Halbert, he then thought 'twas *fair* to accept it; not before! He wiſhes the Voice of the People was more liſtened to, ——

Interdum Populus rectum putat, &c.

What, ſays *Bates*, did you think I had forgot all my *Latin?* Like the Biſhop of *****.

I CHAP.

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CHAP. XXIV.

BATES, in a few Months became Serjeant, by the Favour of *Spontoon*, a Vacancy having happened by the *laſt* embezzling the poor Centinels' Pay often, and being a very *Uſurer* among them. This made *Bates* ſhine with more Luſtre, for rather than diminiſh he often added to a poor Man who had a Family, and *loved his Wife*. His firſt Duty that happened, was to the Theatre, and as fond as he was of Plays, he refuſed going in that Night, "becauſe, ſays he, "I have the Guard." Who ſhould paſs at that Inſtant but one of the Players? who, clapping *Bates* on the Shoulder ſaid,

Here is a Cæſar! *When comes ſuch another?*

"Aye

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" Aye, ſays *Bates*, give me your Hand,
" and my Line for yours,

Act well your Part, there all the Honour lies."

Bates heard, ſince, the Gentleman took it amiſs, and thought it a Reflexion on his Want of Eminence in the Profeſſion. --- But *Bates* begs that Gentleman to recollect, that tho' Nature has been ſomewhat unkindly tardy in accompliſhing him for that Profeſſion, yet his Benevolence, Learning, and Humanity, are ſuch, as to counter-balance all theatrical Imperfections. He has wrote a Tragedy or two, and you may gueſs him ſtill eaſier, when I tell you, the Managers of *Drury Lane* have not ſuch a *Friend* in their Troop. *Bates* when he was on any Guard, inſtead of ſitting at an Ale-houſe, was perpetually examining the out-poſted Centinels; and always, as he ſaid, for that Day, at leaſt, thinking himſelf in an *Enemy*'s Country. " What, is your

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" Duty over when the Guard is reliev-
" ed? says he. No, no; there's Bu-
" sineſs enough: Let the Men know
" what their private, as well as public,
" Duty is: That there are many *latent*
" Enemies among us, and that a Sol-
" dier can't be too vigilant; improve
" in your Exerciſe; and, if your Head
" is capable, learn a little Gunnery.
" There will be, I hear, Artillery to
" every Regiment, and who knows
" how ſoon it may come to your's or
" his Turn to *ſerve* it? Come to my
" Lodgings, and I will teach any of you
" the firſt Principles --- I lodge in the
" *Ambrey*. Tell your Comrades. I
" won't be worſe than my Word: And
" there ſhall be always a Glaſs of Ale
" or a Cup of *freſh*, with a Cut of
" Bread and Cheeſe, to him who takes
" Pains --- I wiſh I could reward bet-
" ter --- I purpoſe to riſe by my Merits
" --- ſo may you. While I have a
" Tongue to ſound your Praiſe, I will.
" Don't think your Buſineſs is done by
" once in eight Days bringing a bright
" Fire-lock

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" Fire-lock into the Field, and whiſtling " an idle Tune in your Box. No, " no; there's perpetual Employment, " and you may all riſe, if you will."

Thus the Days went off. But ſome Officers (who had *bought* in, I ſuppoſe) often ſaid, he was a *meddling-Fellow*, a *Jack in an Office*, an *officious Puppy*, and the like. *Bates* ſmiled, knowing human Nature, now, pretty well---- and that all *idle* People hate thoſe who are *active*, and are never Friends with them 'till they make them as idle as themſelves. *Bates* avoided Company as much as poſſible: " 'Tis Expenſive, " ſaid he, and I don't want People to " *puff* me; my *Merits*, I doubt not, " will make way for me. All Artifices " to raiſe Fame fall to the Ground." And then cries,

Magna eſt Veritas, et prevalebit.

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CHAP. XXV.

BATES often, by walking in the remote Parts of the Park, us'd to obſerve Ladies alone; but at once cry'd, *No Dutcheſſes!* War now ev'ry Day was expected; and *Bates* lay in a freſh Stock of engineering Knowledge, beſides recovering his former, in Expectation of the *great* Day; "I ſuppoſe, ſays he, an Officer "thinks he does a vaſt Thing in ſtanding by his Men, and with his Spontoon *levelling* their Firelocks; why, "ev'ry Man of Sixpence a Day does as "much; ſure there ſhould be ſomething ſuperior, at leaſt I'll think ſo." I was always pleas'd when I happened to be on Duty when the ** paſt, and privately wiſh'd I could talk with him myſelf. "I fear, ſays *Bates*, that the "Truth ſeldom reaches his Ears! but "it

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" it ſhall; if I die I'll publiſh what I " know, and ev'ry little helps." While he was talking to himſelf in this manner, who ſhould paſs but the Colonel; "well " *Bates*, ſays he, we ſhall have a War, " there are near 20 Regiments to be " rais'd; would a Commiſſion in a " new rais'd one hurt you? Would you " go to *America?* Aye, ſays *Bates*, or " in the Marines to get Rank, and ſerve " my *Country* (which he of late call'd " his *bleeding Country*, as he was more " and more let into the Secrets of " Things); well, ſays he, 'tis no great " Jump for a Serjeant in the Guards; " I think it feazable, and will do all I " can to forward you; but, ſays he, I " fear you have taken an imprudent " Step; you have voted for *Spontoon*, " who, tho' an honeſt Man, is in the " Country Intereſt; I wiſh that may " not hurt you." "Me, ſays *Bates!* how " can they know ſuch a Trifle as that, " or find out ſo inſignificant a Fellow " as me?" "Well, ſays the Colonel, now " is your Time, adieu!" *Bates* was in

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high Spirits, and immediately went to Colonel *Spontoon*, and begg'd him (innocently) not to *own* he had voted for him; at the ſame Time, ſays he, " I'm " prouder of it than I ſhould be of a " Company, becauſe I know you'll ne- " ver join any bad Meaſures; but if " Times go ſo, we muſt lie ſtill." " *Spontoon* then ſaid, (not knowing ſo " much of the World as my dear Co- " lonel, or not being ſo ſincere) Oh! " you may depend on it, you are over- " look'd in the Croud; no one thinks " of you; beſides, where's the Crime of " a *ſingle* Vote? They never puniſh " for that; 'tis for *Caballing* and mak- " ing Parties againſt them; the Colo- " nel and I will apply ſoon for you; " the firſt Applications are the beſt; " keep acting, as you have done, by " practiſing and animating the Com- " mon Men to a Love of their **, " their *Country*, their *Duty*, and their " *Comrades*, and all will go Well; " don't rail at the *Times*, (excuſe me) " we know they are bad, but can't help

" it

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" it of Ourſelves; and whatever you do,
" ſpeak well of the *Captain-General*,
" who indeed has all Knowledge;"
" Has he, ſays *Bates*? I wiſh I could
" Converſe with him." " We go to
" the *Opera* to Night, ſays *Spontoon*;
" I have the Guard; did you ever ſee
" an *Opera*?" " No, ſays *Bates*;
" nor will I ever, when I'm on *Duty*."
" Thou art a Soldier, ſays the Colonel,
" ev'ry Inch of you; Adieu! till Even-
" ing."

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CHAP. XXVI.

BATES, ev'ry Day, had Reason to expect a Commiſſion. He often went on the Parade to ſnatch even a Sight of the Colonel; and (but that he could not bear to ſee Men *puniſhed)* would never have miſt that Place one Morning. — "My Notion, ſays *Bates*, is, that when "once Shame is gone, *bravery* follows "— and a Soldier, whoſe *Back* is once "expoſed, will never, I fear, expoſe "his *Face* afterwards: I had rather be "*ſhot* outright. But People differ. "Confinement and *proper* Shame for "their Faults, might operate better. "— I am no Judge."

He would often take long Walks, and ſit unobſerved on a Bench at *Chelſea-Hoſpital*, to hear old *Firelocks* (as he called them) there, talk of Battles, now almoſt

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almoſt forgot but by *Antiquarians* — *Ramilies*, *Oudenarde*, *Hochſted*, *&c.* — Some Younkers were there who puff'd of modern Fights, but no-body believ'd them, the old *Firelocks* rather laught, and ſaid, *you're Parrot's, you ſpeak as you are taught*. He would often taſte their Small-beer and Food, and with a Sigh ſay (after well paying them for it) " May I have " ſuch a Retreat! I wiſh no more after " *ſerving* well." " Aye! but ſays a Snow-pated Fellow with a Brace of wooden Props (the Originals in *another* Country for the Honour of *this*) " there are many here who never flaſh- " ed an Ounce of Powder in all their " Lives." — " Heyday! ſays *Bates*, " what, Corruption here! impoſſible. " I'll get to the Bottom of it, however." Then beckoning old *Stumpibus* to follow him, they went to the Sign of the *Bold Grenadier*, and the Ears of *Bates* were ſtunned with Tales of filthy *Party* and private *Intereſt* — how ſuch a Man was only a General Officer's Houſe Porter, and yet enjoyed the Benefit ſo many

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ny poor Fellows *languiſh* after, and even *ſtarve* for want of: How a *Butcher*, with a long Arrear to ****, was glad to accept that or nothing; " We have " *Taylors*, *Glaziers*, *Bakers*, *&c.* all " on the ſame Intereſt. An unpaid " Bill, or a Vote is a better *Right* than " my two *Tuſcan Pillars* here, had I " not got in Years ago. Read our Mot- " to, there --- *Mumbrus fract* --- ſome- " thing they tell me in another Lan- " guage, that No-body but *wounded* " *have a Right to be here* --- I wiſh they " had not, ſays *Timbertoe*, becauſe it " would be ſome Paſtime to converſe " with thoſe who knew how and about " it. What argifies theſe Fellows? I " call them *trained Bands*. And you " may gueſs what valiant Soldiers they " are, when they have *ſtruck* me here " often who can't defend myſelf:" (For he had a *lank Sleeve* beſides.) *Bates* read the Motto over the Colonade towards the Garden, and ſighed. *Bates* after cried, " What a World we live " in! and yet, ſays he, I muſt live it " out.

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" out. I could wiſh to fall in Battle!
" 'Tis mean to make one's own *Exit*,
" and yet I'm almoſt tired of Life. —
" How came you by that Loſs of Limbs,
" ſays *Bates?*" " Scaling the Walls
" of a Place *thoſe* Fellows there never
" heard of, ſays *Timbertoe*, under Lord
" *Cadogan*; who, when he ſaw me
" wounded and no Linnen at Hand,
" ſtript his Shirt from his own Back
" (I ſhall never forget it) and gave it
" me to bind up my Wounds." ——,
Bates wept! and wiſhed he might e-
ver have the ſame Opportunity of being
ſtript to the Skin, too, for the ſake of a
brave Soldier. " Well! but, ſays *Bates*,
" what think you of the preſent Times?"
" Bad enough, ſays *Timbertoe*, ---- I
" would not begin the World again!
" Every Body are for themſelves ----
" No-body thinks of *Old England*.—
" Patriots bully for their Country, now,
" as Proſtitutes talk of Love; but they
" have Money always in *View*. I have
" been in 18 pitched Battles, and nine
" Sieges, Skirmiſhes I never mention,
" this

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" this is all I have to ſhew, a Bed and " a little plain Food; I don't deſpiſe " or ſlight it: But am Sorry I have no " Companions — Scarce a Comrade to " talk with — Fellows whoſe Brothers " *voted* for my Lord ***, here eating " the Bread of Hundreds, who are " *limping* about the Country, and want- " ing even theſe Raſcals *Leavings*. — " But you are young; I ſhould not diſ- " hearten you, perhaps the Times may " mend." Then ſeeing the poor Fel- low without a Cravat (and the Even- ing cool), *Bates* took off his own, put it round his Neck, buttoning his own Collar cloſe, and ſo ſet off for *London*.

On the firſt Bench in the Park (deſi- rous of Repoſe) he found a moſt vene- rable Gentleman ſitting there, who (where his Waiſtcoat opened) diſcover- ed a *Star* — " Here's Modeſty, ſays " *Bates*, and o'courſe, good Senſe." The Perſon and Benevolence of this fine Gentleman I ſhall never forget, tho' I could not learn his Name. But I found, by

by his Diſcourſe, too, *there had been a Time*; and that he had ſerved many of the great Offices faithfully, which I gueſt (from his own Account) by his having *had* ſuch a Succeſſion of them; for he had been Ambaſſador to almoſt every Court of *Europe*. My old Brother Corporal at *Chelſea*, and the Addition of this Patriot, made me truly melancholy. " Sir, ſays *Brutus*, (for ſo I'll call " him) tho' I do not profeſs your Way " of Life, I have had my Dangers that " Way. For the Honour of my Coun- " try I have been engaged at *Sea* and " *Land* — I never ſtood idle becauſe " fighting was not my *Trade*." " And " pray, Sir, may I dare ſo far to aſk?" " — Aye, ſays he, aſk me any Thing." " — That Star, I do imagine, was a " Reward (tho' a ſmall one) for your " Services?" " Yes, Sir, they thought " it ſo. I wiſh I could hide it more. I " think it no Honour, as it has, gene- " rally, been *given* away. — Of late, " indeed, two (one of whom is dead) " *deſerved* it. I wiſh my Age would per-

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" permit me to ſit longer — *my Can-*
" *dle is out* —— I know little of the
" World; and little do I deſire to know
" further of it; the Curtain between
" that and me will ſoon drop, and I
" care not how ſoon the Play is over.
" The Earth is grateful, it yields what
" you deſire it;—— Plants, Flowers,
" Trees, Animals, the ſame —— Man,
" only, is *ungrateful!* I wiſh you may
" not find it ſo, young Gentleman.
" Good Evening to you, Sir." Could I paint to my Reader the Complacency, great Carriage, Humanity, and Modeſty of this Perſon, while he ſpoke theſe and many other Things he would join, indeed, with my ever noble Captain, and ſay, *there was a Time.* Sure, ſays I, this ſeems the firſt *Adam* ——.

In himſelf is all his State. ——

I followed this moſt venerable Figure, at a Diſtance, but loſt him (thro' Fear of offending by going cloſer), ſomewhere about *Groſvenor-ſtreet.* That Night

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Night I dreamed much of him. But Dreams are accidental! *daily* I think of him, and ever ſhall; would I could ſpeak with him again! for

Whilſt I talk'd with him I ſeem'd in Heav'n.

I never ſaw ſo much before, and never ſhall again. My Eyes looked their laſt (not daring to follow him) when I ſaid, to myſelf, in my fav'rite *Milton*,

Thou to Mankind be good and friendly ſtill,
And oft' return ———

CHAP.

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CHAP. XXVII.

BATES had such an Itch for *Chelsea Hospital*, that there, (besides knowing the Truth of some Things, deliver'd in a *Whisper*, because of the *Eccho)* he was always sure of gaining some *Military Knowledge* privately; for his Joy was to *surprize!* and make People say, "How the Duce did he come by "all this Knowledge?" He wish'd so well to the *Foundation*, that in Case of the Death of his several Children, mentioned in his *Will*, he Bequeaths all he has, or shall have, to his *Brother Soldiers* there.—I would double the *Building*, says he, if I was *King*, or his Fav'rite near him, to tell him so. Can too much be done for such *Fellows?* A *Sailor* past by about this Time with a Wooden Leg, and tho' he did not sollicit Charity,

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ty, *Bates* knew the *Asking Eye* too well, to let him pass unassisted; "There's "*Sixpence*, cries *Bates*; had you been "a *Soldier*, says he, I would have "doubled it. Ah! says the Sailor, we, "*poor Negroes*, fight in our Way as "hard as you Gentlemen of the Ar-"my, *God help us*. At the Word *Gen-*"*tlemen*, *Bates* (for 'twas touching the "very *String*) added another *Tester*:" And the Fellow stumping on Quick, for fear of being over-heard, said to himself, — What the Duce is this same Thing called *Rank?* Will it Feed or Cloath a Man? — No; will it give you a Dinner when half famish'd? — No; will it set a Broken Leg, or buy me a new Wooden one of the *Doric Order?* — No; well, they shall have the Rank if they will, with a *lean Carcass* to boot. Give me the Allowance for an *English Appetite*, and your Servant for the *Rank*; but why, 'faith! our Commanders, on second Thoughts, have as high Rank as their's; stay! a Master and Commander of a Man of War Ranks with a Major;

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a Midſhipman with a Lieutenant; — *God bleſs the King.* — 'Egad there is ſomething in Rank, and I hear it vexes the *Red Coats.* — *Bates* and he perhaps equally deſpiſed each other; but being ignorant of each other's Notions, no Inconvenience happened. — Old *Stumpibus* now again join'd *Bates*, and reſuming the Diſcourſe, ſaid, " Young " Man, I am going out of the *World* in " a few Months, or Days, or Hours, or " perhaps Minutes; a Volly will be " fir'd over me, and then all is at an " End," " *Stiles* (for that is my " Name) will be ſcarce remember'd a " Day; my Bed, my Coat, my Fire-" lock, and even my Breeches, (without " *Lining* tho', for Mark the Villany of " the World, *that* not being eaſy to be " found out, they Trick us of that; " who would think of examining there-" abouts, cry they, Ah!) — All theſe " will paſs from me to a *Stranger* and a " *Coward* perhaps; it grieves me, ſays " he, that I was always mingled with " the *Croud*, and never had an Oppor-

" tunity

" tunity of doing any Thing ſingular;
" Officers have many Advantages over
" private Men; but we have great Souls
" among ſome of us, I aſſure you; *Lord*,
" how many *Marlboroughs*, *Eugenes*,
" *Turennes*, and what not, have I
" known fighting for Sixpence a Day?
" and, as to Honour of the *other* Kind,
" I remember a Comrade, who never
" neglected the leaſt Duty in his whole
" Life, and who, by his own Oecono-
" my, never was in Diſtreſs himſelf,
" ſelling his *Firelock* to get Bread for
" ſome *ſtarving brave Soldiers*; his in-
" tended Puniſhment was *juſtly* chang-
" ed into Reward as ſoon as it was
" known, and he was made a Serjeant;
" but this was in former Days, now
" perhaps he would have —— but no
" Matter; *(whiſpers)* * * * * *."
" I take you, ſays *Bates*." " Another
" brave Fellow, ſays *Stiles*, boldly ſtood
" a Chance of being Shot, by owning
" a Crime in the Camp he was inno-
" cent of, to ſave a Friend from Death,
" becauſe he had a Wife and Children.

" What

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" What can one ſay to all this? But I
" ſhall ever Honour a Brother Corpo-
" ral, who, in the Agonies of a Death-
" Wound, ſaid to his Friend, theſe
" *Breeches* are not the King's, — take
" them, — my own Money paid for
" them; my Tobacco Box (only Com-
" mon Horn, but 'tis a Token) is in my
" Left Coat-pocket; and then finiſh'd,
" by ſaying, *Thank Heav'n*, there's Six-
" pence a Day for ſome Friend, — a
" Proviſion for ſome Body elſe. It
" would tire your Patience, ſays *Stiles*,
" to hear me mention what I know and
" have ſeen with this Eye, for I loſt
" my Right in a Skirmiſh near *Brux-*
" *elles*, the firſt Year of Inliſting; Ah!
" brave Times, — Brave Times! I
" never was ſo vext in my Life, as I
" was once, being ſhot in the *Butt*
" here (not running away tho', but
" turning round to animate my Men,
" for I had a Command of *ſix*, beſides
" the *Rear-man*, and we were attack'd).
" that I loſt, being in the Battle of
" *Hochſted*; I was then in the *Dra-*

" *goons*,

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" *goons*, and could not keep the Saddle
" on Account of my Wound there;
" but 'faith, rather than be idle, I fought
" on Foot, and that droll Dog *Cadogan*,
" (I always ſmile when I think on
" him) ever after, called me *An Otter*,
" Captain *Otter* too: Ah! brave Days,
" brave Days. Whenever I had a *Command*, which was often the Caſe, I
" always thought myſelf a *General Officer*, and *Commander in Chief*; and
" having no Drum, I ſoon made that Affair eaſy to myſelf, imagining I was going on ſome *ſecret* Expedition, when
" no Drum, you know, is ſuffer'd to
" beat, even to my Betters; by never
" looking *behind* me, but facing my
" *Enemy*, that might be, I always, by a
" Kind of fanciful *Rhetorick*, multiplied my little *Corps* into a Thouſand;
" for a *General*, at the Head of 1000,
" can only hear the Tramping of a File
" or two, — thoſe who are next him,
" — then what ſignifies the *Rear*? Ah!
" 'Tis all Fancy, and many a Piece of
" hard Service have I gone thro' by

" that

" that very Thing, call'd *Fancy*; you " *Laugh*; but a File, a Company, a " Regiment, or an Army, is but a " Command ſtill." *Bates* indeed ſmiled, for in Relieving Out-*Centinels* himſelf, he has often had the ſame Thoughts, and it help'd off the Fatigue of a *Winter Night's Duty*. *Bates* generally waited at *Chelſea* to hear the *Taptoo* Beat, as he ſaid, it gave him an *Idea* of a *Garriſon*, which he long'd to live in, or a fortified Town, and then march'd again, as uſual, for *London*; always promiſing to have another *Whiſper* with his *old Friend* of the *Wooden Supporters*.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XXVIII.

BATES, after a melancholy Night, and frightful Dreams of seeing *Cities swallowed*, — *Trees* torn up by the Roots; — *Steeples* falling, and so forth, could not but think it all presaged a *sinking Country*; but, like *Catesby* in King *Richard*, (as he was dressing himself) concluded they were,

Shadows, indeed — beneath a Soldier's Notice!

Having no Duty, he goes to a *Review* of *Horse* in *Hyde-Park*, — when they drew their Swords it put him in Mind of *Milton*:

He spake, and to confirm his Words out-flew

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Millions of Flaming Swords, — the ſudden Blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell. —

Afterwards he went to the Colonel, and then to *Spontoon*, both, *luckily*, at Home, and kind enough to give him Letters to *** for a Lieutenancy in one of the new Regiments. — Undreſt as he was, knowing his Recommenders Rank and Favour with the *Great Man*, he goes; — was introduc'd, even where he was Dreſſing, — how ſeemingly Kind! "Your Buſineſs ſhall ſoon be "diſpatch'd; had you not rather get "into an *old* Corps? theſe *new* ones "are only ſhort liv'd." "To get *Rank*, "ſays *Bates*, and not Pay, is what I "want; I can live harder than any "Man, ſo I have but a Chance of ſerv-"ing as an Officer, and having my lit-"tle Merits *known*." "Well! ſays "he, 'tis ſpoke *Soldier-like*; come To-"morrow, — a good deal hurried now, "— all on my weak Shoulders; — no "Body to help; — well! in the vaſt "Eddy of Publick Affairs 'tis impoſſible

"I

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" I can think of ev'ry Thing, therefore " think of Yourſelf; — a Lieutenancy " in a new Regiment, — but an old " one, if poſſible; — come, I know " your Wiſhes; — you have a Reſtleſs " *Ambition* about you; — an old one " is beſt." " That is beſt, ſays *Bates*, " which comes *ſooneſt*; I want a little " Rank, and to fight my Way after- " wards." " Adieu! my Dear *Gates*." " Oh! Pray, Sir, don't forget my " Name, that would ſpoil all; *Bates*." " With an *S.* at the End? ſays he." Then as he ſtoop'd into his Chair, ſaid, " True, — I know ſome of your Fa- " mily, *B-a-t-e-s*, am I Right? good " Day; I muſt go to Court; I have " Diſpatches." *Bates* having little to do, return'd into the Houſe to Thank a good old Gentleman, who had been kind to him above Stairs. He found him; and as *Bates*, by a Kind of Sim- pathy, often lit on Men of Humanity, this was one. " You ſeem lucky, " ſays the Perſon; but think yourſelf " ſure of Nothing; many Things fall

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" between the Cup and the Lip; I
" have had more *Promiſes* for 30 Years
" than any Man, and have got Nothing
" certain at laſt; Have you a Vote any
" where? A *Borough* is the beſt,
" but a County one will do to make an
" *Exciſeman.*" " Nothing further, —
" next to this Kind of Intereſt an early
" *Cucumber*, a few *May Cherries*, or a
" Receipt for ſome new *Diſh* or *Sauce*,
" is the ſureſt Step to Preferment; yes,
" there are others, by which the Duke
" of * * * roſe, and the Earl of * * *
" got conſiderably; they had pretty
" Siſters, and were not *ſtiff*, — as we
" ſay here, —— but *ſupple*, *ſupple*;
" well, and have you ever giv'n away
" this Vote (I *pity* you, young Man,
" and therefore I examine you for your
" future Good) againſt the Intereſt of
" the * * *?" " I gave it, ſays *Bates*,
" as a Man and a Soldier ought, — to
" one who will never join *Oppreſſion*,
" but do all to ſerve his *King* and *Coun-*
" *try*." " Well, ſays the Perſon, —
" you are young, — you'll know which

" Side

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" Side your Bread is buttered on (like
" myſelf) when it is too late perhaps:
" I wiſh you well; but ſpeak well of
" thoſe in Pow'r, to continue well with
" them, or *Woe be to you*; —— Adieu!"

Bates went Home, and by the perpetual Hints about this little Vote of his, began to think it a *ſerious* Thing, and wiſh'd he had never had it. Pow'r, ſays he, I have often heard makes more Enemies than Friends, — I find it ſo! then concluded,

Oh! fortunatos Nimium ſua ſi bona norint
Agricolas ———

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CHAP. XXIX.

NINETEEN of the *new* Regiments, by the Publick Papers, were all Officer'd, and *Bates* ſtill leading the Life of a *Spider*; notwithſtanding, for fear of miſſing the Great Perſonage, he took a Lodging, by the Deſire of ***, near him; yet he was often out firſt, or ſaid to be ſo; for *Bates* (on his Death-bed) recollected that one Day a bloated Porter ſaid, his Maſter was not within; but, recollecting himſelf, Oh! yes, he is, Sir, *to you*, but turn'd off twenty *others*; this was early in our Acquaintance; I never was at his Levee, but I thought of what *Brutus* ſays,

——— *But, looke'e,* Caſſius,
The angry Spot doth glow on Cæſar's *Brow,*
And all the reſt look like a chidden *Train.*

If I was one of the Elect, *then*, ſomebody elſe might be ſo *now*; alas! I found

a

a Difference, my Purſe began to run low, — my Spirits lower; and yet they would both have been lower *ſtill* had I follow'd my *Patron*'s Hint, who told me I ſhould come in a Coach; he lov'd to ſee Coaches about his Gates; if you can't come yourſelf you may ſend an empty one, ſays he, that's all I expect. Since a Noble Lord's *new* Pattern for Carriages of that Kind, you may have a very good one (of the *laſt* Edition) for a Trifle a Day, — with *Arms* be ſure, — but *Supporters* if you can get them; they are common enough, if you apply early, otherwiſe they are engaged by the *Sixteen*. But I never once was ſlack in my *Duty*, and have often been with my great Friend, as I thought him, early, ſhav'd and dreſt, tho' on Guard all Night; then to my Pupils in the *Bird-Cage*; after which Gunnery and Fortification, as uſual, clos'd the Day. There was now but one Regiment left, when *the Colonel* ſent for me; I was in Spirits, knowing he could not deceive me.

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Says he, " *Bates*, I fear we are blown " up! *Spontoon* was to have had a Re- " giment, but his *Election* has ſtopt it; " the *laſt* is given this Morning, — " whether the Subalterns are filled, I " can't ſay. *Spontoon* is ſure of this, " for being with the great *Ruler* of the " Kingdom this Morning, he ſaw a " M. S. Book lie open, and while the " great Man ſtept aſide, he ventured to " peep in it; he there ſaw his Name, " with a *B.* oppoſite, which (for 'tis " called *Dooms-day Book)* we, who " know the World, know to be *fatal*; " depend on it you'll fall too, for the " Crime is unpardonable, and you are " *Acceſſary*; why would you not aſk " my Advice? *Spontoon* is a very wor- " thy Man, but errs in Politics, from a " fiery Quality he has about him; 'twas " unkind to draw you in." " Well, " ſays *Bates*, — I hope they will have " a *braver* Man in the Place I expected; " but, I believe, I ſhould not have *diſ-* " *grac'd* my Country, or my Patron; " I have borne much, and can bear " more;

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" more; may ev'ry Bleſſing attend you
" in Peace, in War Glory, and Length of
" Days afterwards to enjoy it; I would
" have you wounded again to ſilence en-
" vious and lying Tongues." " But, ſays
" the Colonel, I have *reſign'd* this
" Morning." *Bates* is Thunder-ſtruck!
" What, has my Noble Colonel been ill
" us'd too? Time will tell all." " As
" War is not yet declared I can't be
" ſuſpected of Cowardice, ſays the Co-
" lonel." " He's a Liar, ſays *Bates*, who
" can ever ſay ſo; does not your Wound
" there, ſhew the contrary? but, Sir, I
" won't trouble you now; you look as
" I really am, full of Vexation; I
" would there was a Battle this Morn-
" ing! I would court Death if he would
" not ſeek me! am tir'd of Life:

Oh! when ſhall I get looſe from this vain
World,
Th' abode of Guilt and Sorrow! ——

" Well, ſays the Colonel, let me ſee
" you, as uſual, when I return, — am

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" going a few Miles off for a Week."
" I fear, says *Bates*, I shall never see
" you again; I seem struck with Death."

Oh! Liberty, — Oh! Virtue, — Oh! my Country!

CHAP.

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CHAP. XXX.

BATES goes to his Quarters, and News is brought, that ſeveral Places in *America* are attacked by the treacherous *French*; "Aye, ſays *Bates*, I wiſh I "was there with a Company of my *own* "diſciplining---I'd face an *Army* with "them." Then goes to the *Bird Cage*, and gladly relieves ſome Brother Corporals of Duty there, which they thought a *Toil*. While he was buſy, giving the Word of Command, News was brought, that a certain Iſland of an In-land Sea was taken--"Damn them, ſays he, "(the firſt Oath that ever was heard "to fall from him) I told them of this "when I ſhewed them my *Plans*." If "any *Dorſetſhire* Men were there I'm "ſure the Enemy had Buſineſs enough. "I hope my Countrymen had the Ho-

"nours

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" nours of War! I can't but wiſh I had " been there." Then turning *very pale*, and leaning againſt a Tree, he was ſoon obſerved to be unfit for his Duty any longer, and they begged him to *Retreat*. " No, ſays he, I'll give the " Command with my *Stick*, as my " Voice is too faint to be heard." Still growing worſe, ſome Friends, who felt for him (without knowing the Cauſe,) cry'd fetch a Sedan Chair out of *Queen's Square*, and carry him home: " No, " ſays he, 'tis not a *Carriage* for a Sol- " dier---give me ſome luſty Fellows' " *Backs*, and I'll go home."--- There was ſuch a Ruſh, at once, of Volunteers to do this, ſeemingly, laſt Kindneſs to *Bates*, that, inſtead of *aſſiſting* him, they had like to have thrown him down. " Let me have them *all Cor-* " *porals*, ſays he, if poſſible; (I remem- " ber *Alexander*, ſomewhere, ſaid, I'll " play at any trifling Game you will, " only let me have *Kings* to play with.) " ---But, if not, I'm content." He was then carried home, followed by more real

real *Mourners* than those who lie in State at the *Jeruſalem Chamber*, and are buried near Kings and Queens at Midnight. As ſoon as he arrived, he ſaid, "Bring me all thoſe Papers in the "Grenadiers-cap there:"—'Twas done — he threw them in the Fire, — And, (after ſpeaking plain a few Minutes, and telling the Company preſent, that thoſe Papers were Plans for Operations in War, and Experiments in Gunnery, which were not worthy any Notice (as we have *ſo many* that are *excellent in that Way.)* "But, ſays he, I meant "well.") — He called for a Pen and Ink, and declaring he could not live, wrote a Letter; when, before he had ſealed it, his Tongue failed him, and nothing but *Moan, Moan*, was heard: They often aſked him, Why he *moaned* ſo? He then would ſhake his Head and wave his Hand, and repeat *Moan, Moan*, ſo that many who know the Secret of his Death now think he meaned *Mahon*, an *Iſle* in an In-land Sea;—and then he expired in the Arms of Serjeant *Platoon*,

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toon, and Corporal *File*, in the Preſence of many more; who all cryed, *'Tis a greater Loſs to us than a Battle!* The Street was ſo crouded, 'till he was buried, that Paſſengers thought the *Companies* were paid thereabout, they attended ſo conſtantly. But the Reader ſeems impatient to know what his Letter was, ſuſpecting, perhaps, that it was ſomething *malicious* againſt Men in Power—quite otherwiſe;—But it ſurprized every one, No-body gueſſing the Reaſon 'till now, that he never was known to intrigue (as Soldiers by their Profeſſion are *allowed* to do) or viſit any one but her who is the Subject of this Letter, which follows:

My deareſt, deareſt, Edith!

NO one, but ourſelves, knows the Reaſon why we never made our Marriage public: Now, the whole World ſhall! And believe me, my dear Wife! the Pain I feel in dying would make me ſmile, but that you are not near me, and never can in

in this Life.—The Moment my Commiſſion (ſo long promiſed) *had been ſigned (and, o'courſe, your Penſion fix'd) the Affair ſhould have been as public, as, 'till now, it has been private. We both agreed the Name of a Wife and Family might hinder my Riſing in Life, as the World is too apt to fly from Misfortune. How faithful you have behaved my laſt Breath has declared, and while my Hand can hold a Pen it is to write to you. How happy I could have died, had your Penſion been eſtabliſhed, compared to what I now feel, I am the beſt Judge.—Why I deſtroyed ſome Papers may appear ſtrange; but you would have been cheated out of them by* Promiſes, *and never have been thanked, as I was---- therefore I burned them.---- Beſides, I do not think the *** deſerved to have them. My* Memoirs, *and* other Papers, *you may publiſh; but, pray, make no Addition, unleſs as far as my Burial, and that as ſhort as poſſible.—Publiſh my Life firſt; after that, if they ſucceed to you, follow the Numbers as they ſtand.*

ſtand. —— *My Spirits fail me* —— *I would write more, but then, perhaps, I might be prevented finiſhing as I ought; which is giving it under my Hand, how much I am,*

Your moſt faithful Huſband,

Even in the Moments of Death.

E. T. BATES.

P. S. *I requeſt that our Son, chriſtened, you remember, by the ſeveral Names (as foreign Children often have) of* Marlborough-Eugene-Turenne-Peterborough-Saxe-Cumberland, *&c. &c. be not brought up a Soldier* ----*but if ſo, never to* know *the* Mathematics.

To Mrs. *Bates*, at her
Country Lodgings,
Pimplico.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XXXI.

MRS. *Bates* was found, tho' too late, to close those Eyes, which would have look'd their last on her; judge her Situation! The Avenues and Stairs of *Bates*'s Lodgings were so crouded for a Week, that 'twas difficult to pass; some said there was to be a *Review*, others *new Cloathing* giv'n out, and others again, that the Men were *paid* somewhere thereabouts. So eager were People to see any Thing that even belong'd to him, (much more his Coarse) that a Grenadier, who took some Halfpence at first, to shew his Halberd, Sword, and Regimentals, now rais'd it to Sixpence; and when his Comrades cried Shame on him, he smiled; (privately knowing that he could trust no one else, and that they would do worse, if he would let them)

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them) for he nobly *return'd* the whole to his Wife and Family, being near 10 Pounds. His Burial was as well attended as his Grace of *Marlbro's*, with reſpect to Numbers; and ev'ry Thing being perform'd there to the Satisfaction of his Friends, the Executors came home, and open'd his Will, which appears to be wrote but a few Days before his Death; one would almoſt think (but that he was a true Soldier) he took ſomething to deſtroy him ſlowly; we will not be too ſtrict in our Inquiries, leaſt it ſhould ſully a Character hitherto compleat. Mrs. *Bates* was the Daughter of a Half-pay Lieutenant, whom he (generouſly, as ſhe ſays, having no Fortune) married ſo long ago, as when he went a Recruiting, and partly by denying himſelf Things, which Soldiers too often grant themſelves; but chiefly by teaching the *Mathematicks*, which he kept a Secret, to prevent the Jeſts of his Comrades, who would have ſaid he was *no Soldier* perhaps (a Fling he could not endure) he maintained her very genteelly; his

ſeparate

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ſeparate Lodgings (the only ſeeming Extravagance in him) were occaſion'd from the received Opinion that a Soldier ſhould never marry; and any Thing that hurt the Credit of a Soldier (even in Imagination) hurt him; he often choſe the Name of Intrigues he had no Hand in, merely to blind the World 'till his Commiſſion was ſigned, for he could not bear the Queſtions that would be aſk'd by ſeeming, but impertinent, Friends; *but what will Mrs.* Bates *do if you are called away?* the Anſwer would have been at Hand, when a *Penſion* is viſible; before I give a Copy of ſome Part of the Will, which concludes this Hiſtory, (the whole not being allowed on account of his Friend at the Commons, who he thought would loſe many a Shilling from the Curious) it may be neceſſary to ſay that he order'd a plain Stone ſhould be fixt over him, with this Inſcription;

— Vivat Rex! —
Corporal BATES
Liv'd — and wou'd have dy'd, in the Service of his
— Country. —
But, &c. &c.

No

No Year, nor Age. He thought it ſufficient, and his Words were ſtrictly obeyed. Serjeant *Platoon* ſays (who took it down) that 'tis exact; but Poſterity will be much divided (who know not the *Secrets* of Things) what was to have follow'd the Word *But*; —— whether it was But for his own Miſmanagement; —— But for the treachery of ſeeming Friends; —— But for the Perſecution of his Enemies; —— But for his ill Stars; —— or, But for his ſkill in the *Mathematicks*; —— and no Wonder Poſterity will be ignorant, when even his Cotemporaries could not learn from his own Mouth which he meant, but are left ſtill to gueſs at it, from Circumſtances and the Face of Things.

The few Paragraphs of his Will allowed to be mention'd, (and which he thought would give People an Appetite to ſee the whole) are as follows:

" *Item.* I will, that my Executors " (within 10 Days after my Deceaſe) " do buy *Cocker's Arithmetic*, and leave " it

" it at the Houſe of **** that he may
" learn Accounts; ſo as to ballance
" thoſe of the *Nation* firſt, and his *own*
" afterwards.

" *Item.* My Will and Meaning is,
" that my little Free-hold in the Coun-
" try called *Freedom-Hall*, be ſold to
" an abſolute Stranger, and not in
" the Family; leaſt any of the Name
" of *Bates* ſhould, in after Times,
" (which may happen, for nothing is
" impoſſible as Times go,) be corrupt-
" ed, and *ſell* his Vote to *Undeſervers*.

" *Item.* I give to all thoſe who had
" Reſolution to Vote againſt Strangers
" doing *that* for us, which we are al-
" ways beſt able to do ourſelves, a Pair
" of *Buffalo Gloves* each, out of my
" Stock ſent me from abroad, (if they
" will oblige me ſo far as to accept them)
" which Gloves, while they wear them,
" will keep them as *honeſt* as they now
" are; --- for they are ſo ſtiff, you can't
" hold a *Bribe*, but it muſt fall to the
" Ground, gingle, and betray all.

" *Item.*

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These are the only few allow'd to be made Public in this Way: Whoever is further curious may see the whole (consisting of 10 Pages) at *Doctor's Commons*. Thus ended the Life of a very ingenious and brave Man, (scarce 35 Years of Age) which, tho' short, was *for his Station* full of Honour; and rais'd for the Time as high in Rank as *Merit* alone generally carries any Man. The Stone Mason at the *Savoy* tells me, he can scarce go on in his Work, on account of the numberless Questions ask'd him; and scarce an Hour in the Day passes, but Strangers enquire for his Tomb; and, striking their Breasts, Cry!

Alas! poor Bates.

The News has reach'd *Shaftesbury*, Dr. *Cassoc*, and his Brethren *cruelly* exult; — and *Bates*'s Mother still says, that *Betsey*'s *wicked Scheme* ruined her Son. Here end the Memoirs of Corporal *Bates!*

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In the Preſs, and ſpeedily will be publiſhed,

By W. OWEN, at *Temple-Bar*,

THE

HISTORY

OF

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